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The Bula de la Cruzada.

THE SYSTEM OF THE CRUZADA.

IN a previous article we took in hand the idea prevalent in this country as to the character of the Spanish usage called the Cruzada, and we prepared the way for an elucidation of the subject by an historical retrospect, to show how far back in the past the roots of the usage are traceable. A usage so ancient, we pointed out, which had its origin in a most just regard for the spiritual requirements of the times, which grew by gradual and natural stages into its present form, and has thus become interwoven with the temperament and habits of the people, cannot without fatal consequences be swept away by a mere exercise of Papal authority. All that can be done by a prudent ruler is to regulate it, by removing any serious abuses that may have crept in, but leaving to continue those essential elements of the usage which, if rightly understood and practised, are free from impropriety and adapted to the modern conditions of the countries affected. And this is exactly the course which the Holy See has in fact followed. There have been in the past gross abuses in the collection and administration of the funds, but these have been, in substance at all events, removed; and what has remained is, we contend and now propose to show, free from impropriety, particularly from those improprieties which it is the custom in this country to impute to it.

These imputed improprieties may be reduced to two heads: that the spiritual concessions granted by the Cruzada amount to a system of scandalous laxity, and that instead of being granted freely they are made available only to those who will purchase them in the market, which is simoniacal and demoralizing. We will consider them in this order, and in the first place therefore as to the charge of laxity. Does the system of the Cruzada foster an undue laxity of spiritual observance by

granting Indulgences too profusely and on too easy conditions, by exempting improperly from the ordinary discipline of fasting and abstinence, or by making offers of what is called Composition? These are the three points to which objection has been chiefly taken, and to these we may confine our examination.

As the question here raised is chiefly one of degree, we need a standard of measurement to apply to it; and, inasmuch as the practice of the Spanish Catholics in this regard is wont to be set before us as contrasting unfavourably with our own, but yet as one for which, as their fellow-Catholics, we are responsible, it is clear that we must in the first place compare their practice with our own. There is, however, the further and underlying question which occurs to the mind in view of the wide difference between the rigour of the ancient discipline of the Church, particularly in regard to Indulgences, and the leniency of the discipline now generally prevailing. That the transition is defensible is a point we are entitled to assume in an article the scope of which is merely to show that one class of countries does not differ greatly from the rest in this respect. Still it will strengthen the grounds on which we are resting to have said a few words on this more general question. There was a time when it was very seriously discussed among the Catholic theologians—namely, about the time of the Council of Trent: and at that time there were not wanting good men who lamented the growing disposition of the Holy See to innovate on the ancient discipline by multiplying Indulgences of this kind, and who regarded it as encouraging the disuse of corporal mortifications and by consequence as injurious to souls. But this was during what may be called the transition period. At the time it was not an unnatural forecast to make, but the process of multiplication of Indulgences through the direct action of the Holy See went on, and we who are the inheritors of the newer and more lenient system, can recognize from our own experience—for this new system prevails here, as indeed everywhere in modern times—that it has not caused the evils anticipated. There are many Indulgences out of which we can now choose, and we choose according to our devotion and circumstances, and find that the endeavour to gain them tends directly to foster in us the sentiments of penitence and piety, to deepen the sense of that life hidden with Christ in God which is the essence of all true religion, and so to stimulate rather than discourage

the practice of such penance as may seem conducive to our spiritual progress. On the other hand, who is there among us who could suppose it would be for the good and not for the injury of souls if the Church's authority were to re-introduce the stern system which prevailed in the middle ages or earlier? It was good in its own days as adapted to the temperament of those generations, but each age needs to be treated according to its own conditions. And when we reflect on this age-long process by which the Holy See—acting at times spontaneously in the prosecution of some immediate object of desire, at other times reluctantly and only under strong pressure from without, at times judiciously, at other times it may be most injudiciously, and yet at all times chiefly looking to the exigencies of the moment and but imperfectly realizing the general tendency of the movement it was fostering—has sanctioned one relaxation after another, in the concession of Indulgences (and, we may add also, in the concession of dispensations from fasting and abstinence, or even from matrimonial impediments and other laws formerly adhered to most rigidly); and when we further find that the eventual outcome of this process of mitigation, though attended as it has often been with temporary scandals and abuses, has been to adapt the regulations of the Church to the spiritual requirements of new periods—it is not without ground that we recognize here the traces of that special providential guidance which our Lord promised to His Church.

Keeping these general considerations in mind we may now pass to the examination of the *Cruzada*, which they will enable us the better to understand.

This Bull, or rather Brief, for the modern renewals are always in the form of Briefs, is addressed to the King of Spain, and recites an application received from him on behalf of his subjects as the ground for the renewal. It sets forth in fourteen clauses the various favours conceded, with the conditions attached, and appoints the Archbishop of Toledo Commissary General for the administration of the whole affair—with power to tax the alms and make any other necessary arrangements for the due carrying out of the measure. The Archbishop of Toledo, in the exercise of these faculties, draws up a Summary in which the technicalities of the Papal Letter are omitted, and the character of the various favours offered are indicated in language easier to be understood. It is the copies of this

Summary which those who desire to avail themselves of the privileges of the Cruzada have to take out, and it is these which are popularly, though incorrectly, called the Bulas. This Summary in its general form is also called the Bula de Vivos, to distinguish it from three supplementary Summaries, those de Disfuntos, de Lacticinios, and de Composicion, the nature of which we shall have to explain as we go along; and from the Bula de Carnes, a comparatively modern grant, distinct from the Cruzada, of which likewise we shall have to speak.

The general Summary, or Bula de Vivos, contains fourteen clauses, each specifying some one concession, but we are confining our examination to those bearing on the three points above indicated, that is, Indulgences for the living and the dead, Dispensations from fasting fare, and Composition.

First, as to the grant of Indulgences. In Clause 1, a Plenary Indulgence is granted to all who have contributed to the holy objects of the Bull (*i.e.*, "to the expenses of Divine worship and the relief of the churches of Spain"), and have taken out this Summary—provided they be duly contrite for their sins, have confessed them, and have received the Most Holy Sacrament; or if unable to go to confession (as in the case in which a priest is not accessible), shall have a true desire to confess and communicate.

In Clause 5, a Partial Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines is granted to those who fast voluntarily, on one of the days when they are not bound to fast, or if legitimately exempt from fasting (*i.e.*, on account of weak health or some similar cause), have performed some other pious work assigned them in commutation by their confessor—provided they give alms and also say prayers for the exaltation of the Church, the propagation of the Catholic faith, peace and concord among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, and the conversion of sinners. It is added that this Indulgence can be gained *toties quoties* during the year, that is, as often as the holder of the Summary makes such a voluntary fast, &c.

In Clause 6, the Indulgences of the Stations at Rome are extended to all holders of the Summary who, on the days of the said Stations, visit five churches, or five altars, or, if such are not accessible to them, visit some one church five times, and pray there for the above-mentioned objects. And as these Roman Indulgences of the Stations are on some days plenary but on others partial, the holders of the Summary can convert

even the partial into plenary by adding Confession and Communion to the other conditions.

Here a word is needed to explain what are meant by the Indulgences of the Stations. The custom grew up at Rome in very early times for the clergy and faithful, often led by the Pope in person, to visit in turns the chief churches of the city, fixed days of the year being appointed for each church. They used to go to the Church of the Station, as it was called, in procession, and on arriving heard Mass and sermons, offered up special prayers together, and venerated the early martyrs whose memorials were there preserved. The calendar of appointed days was drawn up by St. Gregory the Great, as we learn from his biographer, John the Deacon, and assigns stations to the following days of the year, as may be seen in the Roman Missal where they are all marked—the Sundays of Advent, the Ember and Rogation-days, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and the three feasts following it, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the three Sundays before Lent, the days of Lent, Easter and the days of its octave, St. Mark's Day, Ascension Day, the Vigil of Pentecost, Pentecost and the six days following it. This custom of making the Stations in public procession seems to have died out in the thirteenth century, apparently owing to the Avignon residence of the Popes, and the Great Schism in the Papacy which succeeded it. Nicholas V, in the last half of the fifteenth century, endeavoured to revive the devotion, and at times since there have been instances of public observance of the Stations just as in the old days. On the whole, however, the practice as a public observance then died out, but the Popes, by their exhortations and by a revised application of the Indulgences, have encouraged the practice which still prevails for the faithful to visit the Station churches privately on the appointed days, and to pray there for what is usually called "the Pope's intention," that is, the exaltation of the Church, the extirpation of heresies, and peace and union among Christian princes. It is this modern devotion in which the Spaniards are allowed by the Cruzada to participate.

Here then are the Indulgences for the living which can be gained during the year in Spain and the other countries to which the Cruzada applies. It should be added indeed that, as the Bull can be taken out twice in the same year by any one

who so desires, he has the opportunity of gaining twice over during the year the Plenary Indulgence granted by the first clause. Still, even thus, it will be recognized by the Catholics of this country that there is so far in this Spanish practice nothing that deserves to be set down as an encouragement to laxity, seeing that we ourselves have not perhaps quite the same but quite as many opportunities of gaining Indulgences, and on as easy conditions. Indeed, we may say that substantially we have, without the Cruzada, the very same Indulgences as they, for the Indulgences of the Roman Stations can be gained here just as in Spain, by any one who joins the Sodality of the Annunciation, or the Confraternity of the Rosary, or the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, with which is affiliated the Confraternity of the Children of Mary.

By a recent Brief of Leo XIII. any one of the Indulgences offered under the Cruzada to the living can also be applied to the dead. But apart from this there have been for some time past ten among the days of the Stations expressly designated by the Holy See as days on which a Plenary Indulgence can be gained for the dead, in addition to that for the living. Also Clause 2 of the Cruzada, and of the General Summary, offers a further Plenary Indulgence for the dead, of the same kind as that offered in Clause 1 for the living, but on condition of a further alms. This can be gained on any day chosen throughout the year, and therefore, if the Bull is taken out twice, on two days chosen within the year. Moreover, it is in connection with this particular Indulgence for the dead, and because of the condition attached to it, that the supplementary Bula, or Summary de Difuntos, comes into use. Those who desire to gain this special Indulgence, in addition to the General Summary, take out a Bula de Difuntos, paying the needful alms for it. These are all the Indulgences offered under the Cruzada for the faithful departed, and again, mindful of what we can gain in this country, we must acknowledge that they do not overstep the limits offered elsewhere.

Surprise has, however, been expressed at two circumstances connected with these Spanish Indulgences for the dead. One is the phrase, *Hoy se saca anima*—"To-day a soul can be drawn out of Purgatory,"—which appears as a notice on the church doors when any one of the ten Station days comes round, and is also found in the Summary at the head of the list in which

these ten days are enumerated. It has been objected that the phrase implies a popular belief that the Pope claims the power to terminate at will the temporal punishment which God has thought fit to allot to the soul of any one of the departed. But the phrase does not belong to the official language of the Holy See, and is a mere Spanish colloquialism, which just on that account is allowed to appear on the church doors; and in the Summary which, as explained, avoids technicalities and condescends somewhat to the ordinary language of the people for whom it is issued. Nor is there anything objectionable in the colloquialism, which being such is not to be construed literally, any more than such legal maxims as "the King can do no wrong" are to be construed literally, but is to be construed according to the known beliefs of the people who use it. Nor is there in this respect any difference of belief between the Spaniards and ourselves. It is the universally understood doctrine that the Pope has no authority whatever in Purgatory, but that he can, as the head and representative of the Church on earth, petition Almighty God to accept whatever proportion of the good works, prayers, penances, and alms of its members He may deem necessary to satisfy the debt of punishment still remaining to be exacted from the soul for whom the offering is made. It is for Him to determine how far He will accept the offering and apply it for the release of that soul; but knowing that it is He who, through His Church, has taught us to make such offerings for the holy dead, we feel confident that He will respond to the petitions He has inspired, and it is the assurance thus derived which is expressed in the colloquialism in question.

The other circumstance which has occasioned surprise is that for obtaining the Indulgence for the dead granted in Clause 2 no other condition is prescribed save the mere giving of the alms, no Confession or Communion, or prayer or good work,—no spiritual act, that is to say, but a mere money payment. We are reserving till later on the determination of the true character of the money payments under the Cruzada; for the moment we shall assume that they are *bona fide* alms for religious purposes, which being so they do form true spiritual acts. The alms indeed, in the case before us, is too small to be greatly felt by the donor, but neither is the recitation of such a prayer as the *En' ego*, so commonly in use here as a means of gaining a Plenary Indulgence for the dead, a matter which largely strains

our powers of endurance ; nor must we forget, what is insisted on in every book dealing with the subject of Indulgences, that the motive for granting them on so ample a scale as is now-a-days usual, is drawn not from the severity of the conditions imposed, but from the general effect in quickening piety throughout the Church, of so many inducements to frequent the sacraments and engage in other spiritual acts. Of course it is possible that what the Church prescribes as an alms, and therefore as a true spiritual act, may be given in a purely mechanical way, but so too may the short prayer, *En ego*, be recited in a purely mechanical way ; and all that one can say, in the one case as in the other, is that those who fulfil the condition prescribed in a spirit so alien from that asked for by the Church will do well to doubt whether they have fulfilled it at all, and can anticipate the promised result. This, however, is far from the ordinary practice of the devout Spaniard who, on the recurrence of the day of death and of the name-day of a departed friend, tries to gain this Indulgence for his soul, and for that object takes out the Bula de Disfuntos and offers his alms to God, accompanying the act with some fervent prayers, and perhaps with hearing Mass or going to Communion for the same intention.

We next come to the clauses of the Bull which contain dispensations from fasting fare. Here, in the first place, attention must be drawn to the distinction, so familiar to Catholics, but unknown to some who may perhaps see these words, between fasting and abstinence ; of which the first regards the quantity of food allowed on the days concerned and the latter the quality ; the former forbidding to eat more than one full meal a day, which must not be before noon, and the latter prohibiting the use of flesh-meat, of eggs and *lacticinia* (that is, the animal products, milk, butter, and cheese). The first thing to notice about the Cruzada is that it gives no dispensation at all in regard to the obligation of fasting. Those who are able to fast without injury to health must continue to do so, however much they take out the Cruzada, and those who on grounds of health are subjects for exemption can obtain their dispensations independently of it. What the Cruzada dispenses from is solely the law of abstinence, by permitting the use on fast-days of food which would otherwise be forbidden. And in regard to this it contains in Clause 4 two declarations. We call them

declarations, because the first is not really a dispensation. It is to the effect that all taking out the Bull may eat flesh-meat on fast-days "under the advice of both physicians, the spiritual and the corporal, whenever necessity or weak health of body or other cause demands it." By the two physicians are, of course, meant the confessor and the doctor, and the case contemplated is one when Catholics are understood to be legitimately dispensed all over the world, so that at most this clause has for the present day the value of an authentic declaration that these dispensations are legitimate. That it is expressed in the form of a permission is probably due to its having originated at a time when such dispensations, though in principle recognized as lawful, were less freely granted, and were reserved to the Bishop instead of being left to the confessor to grant.

The second declaration in Clause 4 grants leave for eggs and *lacticinia* on all fast-days even in Lent, and here there is no stipulation that the confessor and doctor be consulted, but on the contrary a declaration that it may be used "freely." By all the laity that is to say, for this dispensation is somewhat limited as regards the clergy, secular and regular. In the Cruzada Bull itself these are still restricted to the use of eggs and *lacticinia* during the whole of Lent, but since the time of Urban VIII. (1624), on representations from the Kings of Spain this restriction has been lessened, and now leaves the clergy free to eat eggs and *lacticinia*, except during Holy Week.

We shall have to speak in a moment of the further concessions of the modern *Bula de Carnes*, but as the above are all the dispensations contained in the Cruzada as it stood till the beginning of the last century, indeed as it still stands so far as its own text goes, we may break off here, as in the case of the Indulgences, to compare the Spanish system with that of our own country. As regards fasting proper, that is, as regards the number of meals allowed, we are in exactly the same position as they. In virtue of the Lenten Indults, which are now issued regularly year by year, we are forbidden eggs only on Ash Wednesday and the last three days of Holy Week, and cheese only on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday; and are allowed milk and butter on all days throughout the year. Obviously then there is no substantial difference between our modern custom and theirs, and if we compare both with the past and ask for the reasons which can have justified so radical a

departure from the type of abstinence enforced on our ancestors, we find them to be not less and perhaps more cogent as regards Spain than as regards England. Writing in 1758, Archbishop Cerezo, at that time the Commissary General for the Cruzada, referring to the former hardships its dispensations had alleviated, speaks as follows: "The law (of abstinence) deprives us of a good number of dishes pleasant to the palate and not injurious to health, and the privation presses with particular severity on those countries where—as St. Gregory says of certain mountainous regions—if one sometimes hears talk of fresh fish one seldom sees it, and where in consequence one has to keep the fast on herbs and vegetables, and make the best of fish that has been salted." Even in England, in mediæval times, indeed throughout the pre-railway period, this difficulty must have been seriously felt. The monks may have had their fishponds, but to what an extent they were dependent on salted fish may be seen from the interesting lists of their daily *menus* in Dean Kitchin's *Register of St. Swithin's Abbey*, at Winchester. Yet Winchester was comparatively near the sea. What then must have been the condition of the monks who lived further inland, and what of the population generally, for whom it must have been impracticable to obtain regular supplies from distant fisheries? Indeed, one marvels how they could live under such conditions, nor is it surprising that a time came when the Church, having regard to the changes which the development of trade and the consequent improvement in the food of the people had wrought in human constitutions, should judge that she might relax somewhat her ancient assignment of fasting fare, without thereby disturbing its proportionate effect as a mortification of the flesh.

And if this cause sufficed for the relaxation in countries like our own, much more must it be held to have sufficed for a country like Spain. Indeed it might be contended with some force that in modern England, with its many fisheries so rich alike in the abundance and the variety of their yield, and its perfect system of transport, the causes which, according to Archbishop Cerezo, originally justified the permission of eggs and *lacticinia* have ceased to exist. But such a contention would be much less forcible as applied to modern Spain. That country has indeed its fisheries, but chiefly of anchovies, bream, and congers on the Atlantic coast, and of tunny, bass, mullet, and gurnard on the Mediterranean. For such fish as the cod, the herring, the ling,

and the mackerel, which alone are in sufficient abundance to supply the ordinary wants of whole populations, the Spaniards are dependent on northern fisheries like our own, which means that they can have experience of such fish only in the salted condition. Then too there is the defect of transport in the undeveloped state of Spanish railways.

Bearing these facts in mind, we shall be the better able to judge of the fitness of the *Bula de Carnes*, to which allusion has already been made, and to which we now come. Some of our readers may have been saying to themselves, "But surely in Spain there is permission to eat flesh-meat on most of the days when it is prohibited by the law of abstinence in other countries." No doubt it is so, but through the *Bula de Carnes* and in no way through the *Cruzada*. The *Bula de Carnes*, which like the others of which we have spoken is a summary issued by the Commissary General of the *Cruzada*, is based on a Brief originally granted by Pius VII. on September 19, 1800, which has since been renewed in the same way as the *Cruzada*. We have not had access to the Brief of September, 1800, but a consequent Brief to the General Commissary, dated August 7th, 1801, describes it as having been granted in response to the solicitations of Carlos IV., who had asked that meat might be allowed on all but a very few days during the year, alleging as a motive, "not merely the high cost but even the absolute dearth of other kinds of food" from which the country was then suffering, and asking that leave might be given not merely "whilst the present war lasts, but for a period of six years, seeing that even when the war is over it will require that time to repair the losses and calamities which the towns and villages have suffered."¹ The war in question, was the war against England into which Spain had been driven by her alliance with the French Republic. It had led, after the disaster to the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, to a very effective blockade, an idea of which may be gathered from the memoirs of Lord Dundonald, and the result was that the capture and importation of sea-fish was for the time entirely prevented. Pius VII., under these circumstances readily acceded to the King's representations, and granted leave for flesh-meat on all days of the year, save Ash Wednesday, the Fridays of Lent, the last four days of Holy Week, the vigils of Christmas, Pentecost, SS. Peter and Paul, and the Assumption. This exemption was conditioned by the previous taking out of

¹ Salces, *Explicacion de la Bula de la Santa Cruzada*, p. 411, App.

the Cruzada, and by the further payment of a special alms which in this instance was to go, not to the fund for maintaining public worship, but to the poor, the Pope quoting the words of St. Cæsarius,¹ "If a man cannot fast let him give to the poor;" and for this same reason to the poor the Bula de Carnes was to be given free. It was Pius VII.'s intention that this Indulto Cuaresmal, as it is also called, should cease at the expiration of the six years. But that period sufficed for a national habit to form, and, as we observed in the last article, the Holy See in its prudence is wont to respect the formed habits of a nation, save where they involve a serious abuse. In the case of this grant, moreover, we can see solid reasons why the usage which a transitory national calamity had first necessitated should be allowed to pass into the habitual observance of the nation—for on the one hand the difficulties of a fresh-fish supply for the whole population, as we have reflected, still persists in that country, and on the other hand, the succession of troubles, particularly the religious troubles through which it has had to pass during the nineteenth century, were such as to render undesirable every unnecessary innovation on its religious ways. Such would seem to have been the reasons which have induced the Holy See to sanction, as it has done by regular renewals, the continuance of the permission first granted in 1800.

We come now to the third class of concessions granted in the Cruzada, that referring to what is called Composition, and here it must be acknowledged we find an arrangement which, until its principle is clearly understood, may very naturally seem extraordinary. By Composition is meant an agreement between debtor and creditor, by which the latter, in consideration of the circumstances, agrees to take a portion of what is owing to him as a sufficient discharge of the whole debt. In the sense of the Cruzada, it is an agreement of this kind by which the Holy See, as the supreme administrator of ecclesiastical and charitable funds, accepts on behalf of some one or other of these funds a portion of what is due to it from an unjust possessor, and on this condition discharges him from all further obligation to restore. There are three clauses in the Cruzada Summary appertaining to this Composition, in two of which the unjust possessors in question are ecclesiastics who have spent the incomes of their benefices, though aware of

¹ Hom. xii.

some flaw in their title, or of a neglect to discharge the duties to which the benefice obliged them. Such ecclesiastics are bound to restore all that they have unjustly appropriated of these Church funds, and are incapable of receiving absolution for their sins until they have either done so already or given solid proofs of a sincere intention to do so as soon as possible. The Cruzada does nothing towards validating their title or protecting them from punishment for the neglect of duty, but condones to them the larger portion of the sum they are bound to restore. In these two cases, the creditor being clearly the Church, there can be no difficulty in recognizing that the Church, through her supreme administrator, has the absolute right to abate a portion of her just claims. Whether it is also a reasonable thing to grant such an abatement is a further question we can consider along with the similar question which will arise in regard to the next clause.

This next clause, the fourteenth in the Summary, runs thus: "Finally," says the General Commissary, "we are empowered (by the Cruzada Brief) to fix, but solely for the court of conscience, a competent composition for goods unjustly acquired, in the words and form prescribed in the (already cited) Summary of Composition."

Turning to this Summary of Composition for further information, we read that "the Vicar of Christ, desiring to provide for the peace of conscience of those of the faithful who are afflicted by the burden of having to restore the goods or property of others, . . . empowers (the Commissary) to grant composition . . . to such as have unjustly taken or acquired what belongs to others, *if* after having diligently made the needful inquiries, they are unable to find the persons to whom they ought to make restitution—provided that they take an oath that they have made such diligent inquiries, and that, in taking or acquiring what belongs to others, they have not acted in reliance and hope of receiving this composition." The Commissary then goes on to exercise the power given him and to assign the composition, and the character of this we shall explain in a moment; but first to get a clear idea of the circumstances. The case contemplated is where a man has been guilty of dishonesty in either taking or keeping what is not his own. He has become repentant for his sin and desires God's forgiveness through the Sacrament of Penance. But he must, in order to obtain it, be ready to make restitution

to the person injured, unless indeed, and so far forth as, this person in kindness forgives him the whole or a portion of the debt. So far the Cruzada grant has no application. But suppose the true owner of what has been unjustly taken is not to be found, either because it is not known who he is, or because it is not known where he is, although the offender has conscientiously done all that is possible to discover him. What is to be done in that case? Probably the mass of people would solve such a case in their own favour, thinking that as there was no discoverable owner, they were lucky enough to be delivered from the duty of restitution. But Catholic theology lays down another principle besides that of restitution to the person injured—the principle that “no man must enrich himself with the goods of others,” and that if he cannot find the real owner he must make the restitution to the Church for the service of God or to the poor, that is, to some public object by which all benefit, these funds being the nearest representatives of the missing owner that are discoverable—for it is assumed that if his money cannot be restored to himself, he would wish it applied to these good objects rather than that it should enrich the unjust possessor. It is thus that the jurisdiction of the Holy See comes in, for the above-mentioned funds having in the way described obtained by devolution a right to the restitution due, the Pope, their Supreme Administrator, has a right to exact it, or, on good grounds, to remit a portion of it. This is the point which needs to be specially noted, for it lies at the root of the whole matter. Just as the owner, because he is the owner, is entitled either to exact the whole or in clemency to condone a part of the debt, so if he cannot be found, the fund to which his proprietary right passes is entitled to do one or other of these things through its lawful administrator.

But how about the reasonableness of such a remission, especially in the abatement granted through the Cruzada—which, for debts less than about thirty pounds of English money, is of all but a fourteenth of the whole. Must it not tend to encourage dishonesty, since people might say, “I will take this that does not belong to me, for I can avail myself of the Cruzada, and by restoring a small portion, keep the rest and still save my soul”? This objection, however, is quickly answered, for one who thus acted would not be able to use the Cruzada, because of its stipulation that the person must not have acted dishonestly in

reliance on the offer of composition. Still, apart from this, can it be of good precedent to remit so much? From the point of view of the interest of the ecclesiastical funds concerned, it is answered by the commentators on the Cruzada that by this leniency the pious funds get what mounts up to a very valuable annual contribution, whereas if they were to exact their full rights they might get much less, the task of restoring large sums being mostly a very hard one, and such as the debtor is wont to shrink from. And this consideration further supplies the key to the question whether the arrangement is good, spiritually, for the debtors themselves. Here one must reflect on the state in which persons bound to restore usually find themselves. It is much more easy to take from another than to pay it back again. At the moment of taking the dishonest person is the richer by the sum which he has taken. But as time goes on this increment to his store has disappeared, and it is often very difficult for him to get together the amount of his debt; or, even if his dishonesty has added to his lawful means, it has often caused him to enter into various relations with others which must be broken through, after perhaps years of standing, if he is to pay back all that he took. The effect is to deter him from restitution and therefore repentance. "I would gladly make my peace with God, but it means making this full restitution at the cost of ruin to self and family, to fortunes and reputation, for it will all have to come out, and this is a calamity I have not the courage to face." Of course, his creditor has a perfect right to exact the debt from him in full, and say to him, "These are but the consequences of your dishonesty which have fallen upon you." Still, if the creditor, knowing the circumstances, is disposed to be lenient with his debtor, that the path of repentance may be smoothed for him, the creditor's conduct is most laudable, and it is under this aspect that the Church, as acting through the Cruzada, regards her own attitude to the repentant offender, in the case when the true proprietor is not discoverable and she has become his substitute.

Such are the principles on which the practice of Composition rests. As regards the method in which the restitution under it is made, a very brief account may suffice. As in the case of the Indulgences for the dead, and the permission for flesh-meat, the person, having taken out the General Summary, further takes out some Summaries of Composition, as many as he

requires to make up the sum he has to restore ; for he pays for each of these summaries one peseta and five céntimos—a little over tenpence of English money—and this is the Composition for fourteen pesetas and seventy-one céntimos. He may take out up to fifty of these if need be, but if that does not suffice to compound for his obligation—in other words, if the sum for which he compounds is above thirty pounds of English money—he must lay his case individually before the Commissary General and take his decision. And in all cases, whatever the composition paid in may be, it goes like the rest of the income of the Cruzada to defray the expenses of the Church services. It is a curiously old-world method, no doubt, and such as would never have been devised for any newly-introduced scheme, but effective enough in its way, and one to which the people have grown accustomed through long-standing usage.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said about the privileges granted by the Cruzada, but we have still to examine the objection taken to what is alleged to be the simoniacial traffic whereby the Bulas—that is, the Summaries—are bought and sold over the counter in the public shops. But not every interchange of spirituals and temporals is tainted with the vice of simony, for, as St. Paul says, "those who serve the altar must live by the altar," in other words be provided with a maintenance by those who profit by their spiritual services ; and so likewise, since the worship of God, the administration of the sacraments, and the many other works of piety and charity which are carried on by the Church involve expenditure of money, the faithful can reasonably be asked to supply it. Still this is a point into which we need not enter now, for the interchange between the favours granted by the Cruzada and the pecuniary contributions prescribed as the condition for gaining them, is, as we have already pointed out, an interchange, not of spirituals for temporals, but of spirituals for spirituals—since almsgiving for a sacred object, such as the maintenance of Divine worship, is a distinctly spiritual act. Nor can it be reasonably said that simony or quasi-simony enters in through the mode of collection. For what happens is this. The alms being "taxed," that is, fixed at a definite but very small sum, there has to be some means of securing that this sum is paid. Such security is taken by the method of issuing copies of the Summaries, called Bulas, to

those, and those only, who contribute the taxed alms, and on receiving them inscribe their names in the blank space left for the purpose, thereby fulfilling the conditions which, by the terms of the Commissary's ordination, qualify them to enjoy the spiritual privileges of the Cruzada. It is true that these summaries, instead of being supplied direct by the clergy are supplied to certain shops, that is, the shops where prayer-books, crucifixes, and other articles of piety are sold. The applicants get them from these shops, which hand over to the Commissary General the alms received for them. The arrangement is convenient in view of the number of the applicants, and such shops being in more intimate relations with the clergy, have about them a certain religious complexion. But the mere fact of paying in one's alms in a shop and receiving in return across the counter what we may call a receipt for the same, does not necessarily constitute a purchase, nor do the pious Spaniards, though colloquially they may use the phrase, "buying a Bula," really imagine they are buying Indulgences, or doing aught else than contributing an alms for a spiritual object, in return for which some spiritual favour will be granted them.

We have now reviewed all the main features in this interesting survival of mediaeval methods, and have seen that, if its machinery is somewhat curious and complicated, and if thereby it lays itself somewhat open to the misconstructions of a superficial observer, it is based on the same sound principles which govern Catholic spirituality elsewhere, and by no means tends to encourage a gross and mechanical or other than a pure and elevating religious practice. We have seen, too, what deep-seated roots this system has in the past of the Spanish nation, and by what an intelligible and natural course it has developed into its modern form. We may venture, therefore, to draw the same conclusion as at the end of the preceding and the beginning of the present article, though now from a broader foundation of fact. Whether this system of the Cruzada is absolutely the best is not the question. Probably if the Holy See and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of those parts had no past history to take into account, but were devising a purely new system for a new and unformed race, they would follow the lines of Catholic usage elsewhere, and avoid arrangements which can be misrepresented with such a plausible show of truth. Possibly, too, even as it is, these authorities would be

glad to assimilate the usage of their countries to the usage more generally prevalent throughout the Church, if only they could count on the willingness of the populations concerned to accept so radical a change. Still this "if" is just what cannot be relied upon. Whole populations do not suddenly change—especially when called upon to do so out of regard for the prejudices of outside people—the habits into which they have grown through the course of centuries, and have thereby come to understand and like. And hence a prudent ecclesiastical ruler knows well that—even though he be a Pope, and be dealing with a population notable for its piety and obedience—if by a sudden reversal of past policy he were thus to set himself against the innate impulses of human nature and social organisms, the inevitable result must be a general unsettlement of minds which could not fail to be prejudicial to religion.

S. F. S.

Dr. William Gifford in 1586.

IN a letter on Dr. William Gifford, to the *Tablet*, of December 26th, I criticized a note in one of Father Pollen's series of articles on "The Politics of English Catholics during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth."¹ Father Pollen wrote to me, calling my attention to additional documents bearing on the question at issue, and at the same time suggesting that a leisured discussion in a magazine would be more profitable than a correspondence in the *Tablet*. I saw the justice of this view, and asked the Editor of THE MONTH if he would admit an article dealing with the case. The outcome of my request is the present paper.

The best way of opening the discussion will be to cite the text that has occasioned it. Father Pollen's words were:

There is another question connected with Savage [the Babington conspirator] which is of general interest. It is said that Dr. William Gifford, then Professor of Theology at Rheims, and afterwards Archbishop of that see, incited him to assassinate the Queen. As this statement seems to have been made in open court at Savage's trial, it would seem to have *some sort* of authority. That it was true is incredible, and this for a reason not creditable to the Doctor. So far from plotting against the Queen, he was in fact then in treaty with Walsingham himself, with a view, as it seems, to purchase for himself toleration, by forswearing his connection with his fellow-Catholics. Luckily for him the exigencies of the conspiracy made it more convenient for Walsingham to abuse than use him. "He must be content that we both write and speak bitterly against him," are Walsingham's words.² Whether this is the whole or only part of the explanation of the story of his tempting Savage, does not as yet appear.³

Before coming to the substantive question I have first to get rid of a matter of detail. I pointed out in the *Tablet* that Father Pollen here commits the error of understanding of Dr. William Gifford's words ("He must be content," &c.), which

¹ THE MONTH, July, 1902, p. 84.

² Morris, *Sir Amias Poulet*, p. 278.

³ THE MONTH, loc. cit.

Walsingham uses of his nephew, Gilbert Gifford, a priest, but a spy and informer, who was one of Walsingham's most trusty and secret agents, and one of the most effective traitors in the Catholic camp. In his letter (printed below, Document 6) Walsingham, writing from his own point of view, draws a clear cut distinction between Dr. Gifford, the uncle, and Gilbert Gifford, the nephew. Of the latter, he says: "He must be content that we both write and speak bitterly against him,"—because, that is, he could thereby the more effectively play his part as *agent provocateur* among the Catholics. "As for Dr. Gifford and Gratley," continues Walsingham, "they deserve it." In other words, in Walsingham's view, Gilbert Gifford did not deserve the hard words Walsingham was using of him, because he did faithfully serve Walsingham's purposes; but Dr. Gifford did deserve hard words because he was not serving Walsingham's purposes. This, though a matter of detail, is of some value for the main discussion, inasmuch as it is the summary judgment on Dr. Gifford's conduct of the man who alone had in his hands all the threads, knew all the circumstances, and was best in a position to estimate the value (from his point of view) of the men he was dealing with.¹

We may now proceed to the main discussion. The points raised by Father Pollen's note are:

- (1) The statements of Savage that Dr. Gifford had incited him to assassinate the Queen: Father Pollen thinks the statement has "*some sort of authority*," but yet "is incredible, and this for a reason not creditable to the Doctor;" for
- (2) He was at the time "in treaty with Walsingham himself with a view, as it seems, to purchase for himself toleration by forswearing his connection with his fellow-Catholics."

These, then, are the points for discussion. It will be proper to deal in the first place with the second; for if the accusation here levelled against Dr. Gifford be not sustained, the reason adduced for discrediting his complicity in the projects for assassinating Elizabeth falls away along with it, and the charge will have to be examined *de novo*.

The evidence on which a judgment as to Dr. Gifford's

¹ A similar wrong identification of Dr. Gifford with Gilbert Gifford is made by Foley in Series viii. of the *Records of the English Province*; in the Index under Dr. Gifford's name is a reference to p. 719. There an informer, writing in March, 1588, says he had been told in Paris of the "fall of Gyfford, being alleged that he was a spy." But this without any doubt is Gilbert Gifford, who had recently been found out and was then lying in prison at Paris.

conduct must be based is incomplete and scrappy, and sometimes obscure owing to the loss of documents; so that personal considerations must often form a factor in the interpretation of statements and facts of doubtful import: I mean that our judgment will necessarily and properly be influenced by our estimate of Dr. Gifford as a man, and of his character and career as a whole. Such considerations being the necessary background of the ensuing investigation, the briefest sketch of the salient facts of Dr. Gifford's life form an important part of the whole case.

Born in 1554 of parents always Catholic (his mother was a Throckmorton), he was sent to Oxford, and passed thence abroad in 1573. He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at Paris, Louvain, Rheims, and Rome; and in 1582 Allen recalled him to Rheims as Professor of Theology at the English College; this chair he filled for nearly twelve years, until Allen as Cardinal invited him to Rome and made him his head chaplain and almoner. After Allen's death (1594), he was nominated by the Holy See to the Deanery of Lille (1597), and after his withdrawal from Lille in 1606, he was made Rector Magnificus of Rheims University. In 1608 he became a Benedictine in the newly-founded monastery of English monks at Dieulouard, near Nancy. Shortly after his profession he was appointed Prior in various monasteries of the English Benedictines, and also Visitor and Reformer of the Royal Nunnery of Fontevrault. In 1617 he was one of the nine Definitors elected by the universal suffrage of the English monks in order to bring about their union into one body; and at the Definitorial itself he was chosen to be the first President of the renovated and perpetuated English Benedictine Congregation. Before the formal confirmation of the acts of the Definitorial, he was made Bishop Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Rheims; on the Archbishop's death he was elected Vicar Capitular by the Canons; and in 1622, on the nomination of Louis XIII., he, an Englishman, became Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, First Peer of France, and Legate of the Holy See. The sermons preached at his funeral (1629) are a splendid and evidently genuine tribute to his goodness and pastoral devotion as Bishop.¹ In spite of known political differences,² he retained to the end the esteem

¹ Weldon, *Chron. Notes*, p. 159.

² See letters of Drs. Allen and Barrett to Father Agazzari in 1583, Knox, *Letters of Card. Allen*, p. 193, and *Douay Diaries*, p. 326.

of Cardinal Allen ; and during his life he enjoyed the friendship of two saints, St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis of Sales.

Now this is the record of a most remarkable career, and the fact cannot be questioned that Dr. Gifford enjoyed in an eminent degree the love, respect, confidence, and admiration of good men of different character and training who knew him intimately. The presumption is strong that he was a man of great ability, of high character, and of singular rectitude and holiness of life.

It is necessary to say a word on Dr. Gifford's connection with the ecclesiastical politics of the English Catholics. During the second half of Elizabeth's reign a section of the English Catholics desired to bring about a Spanish invasion and conquest of England in order thereby to restore the Catholic religion. But the majority of the English Catholics, especially of those in England, both clergy and laity, had no part in these politics, and disapproved of them uncompromisingly : and this was Dr. Gifford's attitude. With so much by way of supplying the necessary historical framework I proceed to examine Dr. Gifford's dealings with Walsingham in 1586. I begin by reciting the relevant documents ; afterwards will come an analysis of their content and import :

(1) *Aldred to Walsingham, 24 April, 1586.*

R.O. Dom. Addenda, Eliz. xxix. 102. (*Cal. Dom. Addenda*, 1580—1625, p. 174.)

[Aldred was in Walsingham's secret service. The events narrated had taken place some days previously.]

Right Honourable,—From Rouen I wrote your honour of the delivering of your letter unto Mr. Gratley and of his grateful acceptation thereof : also I wrote how Mr. D [octor] Gifford had been sick and in his sickness what discontentment he had found. Since which at my departing from Rouen Mr. Gratley did write a very large letter to Mr. D. Gifford, to persuade him in any case to come away, and sent it by me, and withal sent him the letter that Mr. Gilbert Gifford had written to them both. At my coming to Paris I dealt with my Lord Ambassador according unto your honour's order, who got one to carry all our letters to Rheims, who did it effectually and in good order. Your honour's letter and passport I kept it until his coming hither. I sent him withal 10 crowns to bring him hither, and at his arrival here I made it up 30 sols, and four crowns I gave the man that went for him, for his charges and pains, which was the £10 I received of Mr. Fant. He came on foot, and because he was weary by being but

new recovered of his sickness I gave him my boots, spurs and boot-hose to return back. The party that went for him arrived on Sunday at noon and delivered him his letters. He was to preach that afternoon, and his text was *Pax Vobis*, at which he made me to laugh at our meeting. After dinner, the scholars looked that he should have gone into his study to provide for his sermon, and mused much to see him walk in the garden, for his mind was roving from *pax* to *guerra*: yet notwithstanding he finished up his sermon, and the next morning came his way, without saying any word to any one, but took leave of Mr. Bayley, who supplies D. Allen's room in his absence, but told him not whither he went. He asked him whether he meant to return shortly again. He told him "yes," or else he would signify unto him some cause why.

Before Mr. D. G [ifford] arrived here, Mr. Gratley had found some means to come hither without suspicion. I lodged them both secretly in my lodging, where that night and the next day they two conferred still together, D. Gifford being somewhat green in the matter, though very willing to inveigh against them, yet very loath to do it in such sort to put his credit in hazard and hardly he could be brought to speak with my Lord Ambassador, though very willing, yet fearful lest he should be known. The second night, I brought my Lord secretly to my lodging to them, where they took such satisfaction in his sweet speeches and friendly entertainment that it gave Mr. D. G. such a courage that, as he has told me since and specially at my last parting, that the more he thinks of it the more forward he is to perform it; and that he has five or six scholars of the best that will surely follow his course, and that he does not doubt to bring D. Allen himself into this action, after he has set Parsons and him at variance; if it be your honour's pleasure he shall so proceed.

The reasons why he does not come presently I do think that my Lord Ambassador will satisfy your honour for that he has signified it to him, and also delivered it him in writing which I am persuaded your honour will not dislike of.

The rest of the letter does not concern Dr. Gifford.

(2) *Stafford to Walsingham, Paris, 15 April, 1586.*

R.O. France, xv. fol. 176.

[Stafford was the English Ambassador at Paris, referred to in the preceding letter. I owe this document to Father Pollen's kindness.]

Sir,—Mr. Aldred has written at large to your honour about Gratley and Gifford. . . . I talked with them secretly myself and used them with all the courtesy I could to encourage them. I find them both very good and proper wise fellows and fit to do that which your intent is. I hope and persuade myself very assuredly that they will deal very honestly. I have sent you herein enclosed the reasons they give why

they would have the Doctor Gifford stay awhile, and discoursed them with me more at large. Truly, sir, I find reason in it, and if you think good and that D. Allen could be got into the same faction, truly I do think it a conquest well gotten, and that all their corns would be cut here, for he is their apostle here. As I shall receive from your honour direction I will follow this course. I think this Gratley might do good service here to get things unto the Spanish Ambassador's house. If your honour think good he will come and lie here to that purpose and I will take order to hear from him or to have conference with him secretly enough.

The enclosure, unfortunately, is not forthcoming.

(3) *Dr. Gifford to Walsingham, Rheims, 18 April, 1586.*

[Printed by Father Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, p. 262.]

Right Honourable Sir,—Whereas your honour upon our friend's information hath sent me a courteous letter and withal an ample passport to pass into England, these are to give your honour to understand that for my own part I heartily desire not only to enjoy the comfort of my country, but also to induce all I may to do the like, upon assurance of freedom in religion and conscience and to live in our natural soil under the protection of Her Majesty. And as I must needs confess that I am a Catholic and of that religion which all our ancient Fathers and noble Princes have been, as well in our country as in other Christian commonwealths, many hundred years together, and in that and no other I will live and die; so I am far from those untemperate spirits, which, importunately not content to enjoy sweetly under Her Majesty the quiet of their conscience, do seek unnaturally to disturb and change the state by joining or consenting to foreigners to the subversion of Her Majesty's estate and the utter ruining of all our families, without any regard of religion, making that only a column for the accomplishing of their ambitious desires. This I have said, spoken and written, publicly and privately, and if herein I may serve Her Majesty I am most ready, not only for the natural duty and allegiance I bear unto Her Highness before all princes christened, but also somewhat the rather for the ingenuous and most bountiful actions your honour has shewn diverse and sundry ways to me and mine, which if I will not be most ungrateful I must answer with all dutiful correspondence. I have (I assure your honour) from time to time sought the help and relief of some of my friends by earnest persuasion to return home and to join with Her Majesty goods, lands and life for the defence of her sacred person and the welfare of my dear country against all ambitious foreign practices; and I would to God I might have shewn by the fruit thereof such affection as I bear to Her Majesty; but in truth little fruit I have reaped thereof otherwise than the discovery of many wounded hearts, who with tears have protested that if they might have assurance of their conscience under Her Highness'

protection, that they would willingly cast themselves, their honours, lands and lives at Her Majesty's feet, to stand unitedly and joinedly to the shedding of their blood against all wicked practices tending to her disquietness and ruin of the realm: but alas! say they, how can we be assured of that, seeing so many are daily with great rigour and uncivility searched and ransacked, so many of all estates restrained, so many indicted, condemned and executed for mere matter of religion, seeing that the late statutes and acts of Parliament are so extremely rigorous almost even against the conceit [thought] of Catholic religion, and stand yet in force, and are practised in divers parts of the realm, not only in respect of the penal statute for not coming to church, but also even to the effusion of blood in many places? To which and other their objections, as love to Her Majesty's person has answered somewhat, so in reason I could answer little to their contentment and satisfaction. Now if it shall please Her Highness and your honour to release somewhat of that rigour I have mentioned, you shall turn to Her Majesty many aversed hearts; in the doing whereof, if I be thought worthy to be an instrument for the honour of God, safety of Her Majesty's person, good of my country, and relief of some my poor friends, I humbly offer myself at Her Highness' and your honour's feet to deal and do effectually whatever pen, tongue and heart will permit me, if first by my kinsman Gilbert Gifford I may understand your particular directions. Thus acknowledging myself deeply bound unto your honour for my eldest brother and divers other my friends, as also for my own particular, and promising all loyal correspondence, I commit you to Christ Jesus, who protect you from all your enemies.

Your honour's humble servant,

WILLIAM GIFFORDE.

(4) *Gilbert Gifford to Walsingham, 11 July, 1586.*

[Printed by Father Morris, *Letter-Book of Sir Amias Poulet*, p. 223.]

I trust your honour considereth how necessary it is to entertain D[octor] G[ifford] and Gratley, for hereby they be persuaded that there is no other dealings of mine but that only, otherwise it were impossible but I should be suspected. D[octor] G[ifford] coming over would colour me much, as also I can know his whole thoughts, and no doubt he would be greatly employed, so that by him I should understand all their courses, for he can hide nothing from me.

(5) *Gilbert Gifford to Phelipps, Aug., 1586.*

[Morris, op. cit. p. 381.]

[Phelipps was Walsingham's decypherer of cryptograms.]

What as Morgan should say that D. Gifford meant not to deal sincerely with Mr. Secretary. I never doubted but that he would not, and so always I told you, only in truth against those others they are and meant sincerely.

(6) *Walsingham to Phelippes, 28 Aug., 1586.*

[Morris, op. cit. p. 278.]

I return you Morgan's letter by the which it appeareth what trust is to be given to Papists. It shall now suffice to assure G[ilbert] G[ifford] that both he and I have been greatly abused; and that there shall be that consideration had of his travail as shall be to his contentment. [Arrangement for a cypher to be sent to Gilbert Gifford.] He must be content that we both write and speak bitterly against him. And as for D[octor] G[ifford] and Gratley, they deserve it.

(7) *Cal. Dom. 1581-90, p. 401.*

In March, 1587, Dr. Gifford was still in relation with Walsingham, and there still was question of his coming into England: the name William Huntley was assigned to him as an alias.

This is the extant evidence relative to Dr. Gifford's dealings with Walsingham, so far as it is known to me. Probably the best method of commenting on these documents will be to disengage the story that they tell. It must be remembered that at the time the preparations for an invasion of England were actively going on, and that Allen and Persons were in Rome promoting the enterprise; also that the Babington Plot was in progress, and that Walsingham was using it in order to compass the destruction of Mary Stuart and her adherents among the English Catholics; for this purpose he had in his secret service more than one priest, and above all Gilbert Gifford, a double-dyed traitor and spy, who was acting as *agent provocateur* to involve his fellow-Catholics in the toils of the conspiracy, and was Walsingham's chief tool in bringing Mary Stuart to the scaffold.

The letters fall into two groups, whereof the first group consists of three to Walsingham, all written in April, 1586. The facts which these three letters narrate may be summarized as follows :

Aldred's Letter.

- (1) Walsingham had entrusted to Aldred a letter and a passport for Dr. Gifford to come to England.
- (2) Walsingham had also written to Gratley (a priest) at Rouen.
- (3) Gratley wrote to Dr. Gifford to persuade him "to come away" (from Rheims).
- (4) Gilbert Gifford had written a joint letter to Gratley and Dr. Gifford.

(5) These two letters (his own and Gilbert Gifford's) Gratley entrusted to Aldred to forward to Dr. Gifford.

(6) On coming to Paris Aldred saw Sir Ed. Stafford, the English Ambassador, "who got one to carry *all our letters* to Rheims, who did it effectually and in good order;" Aldred sent also 10 crowns for Dr. Gifford's journey to Paris.

(7) It may be inferred from the underlined words that Aldred also wrote to Dr. Gifford, so that he was in receipt of three letters (Gilbert Gifford's, Gratley's and Aldred's own) on the subject of negotiation with Walsingham.

(8) Aldred had however retained Walsingham's letter to Dr. Gifford and the passport until Dr. Gifford came to Paris in order to deliver them personally.

(9) Stafford's messenger reached Rheims at noon on Sunday (*i.e.*, Low Sunday, April 10th, 1586), and found Dr. Gifford preparing to preach.

(10) Next morning (Monday, April 11th) Dr. Gifford left Rheims, saying good-bye only to Dr. Bayly, who was supplying Dr. Allen's place, and telling him he would be back again shortly, or else would let him know why not.

(11) Meantime Gratley had come to Paris: Aldred "lodged them both secretly in his lodging."

(12) That night and the next day (probably Wednesday and Thursday, as Dr. Gifford had come "on foot," says Aldred), "they two conferred still together."

(13) Aldred thus describes Dr. Gifford's frame of mind: "Dr. Gifford being somewhat green in the matter, though very willing to inveigh against them, yet very loath to do it in such sort to put his credit in hazard, and hardly he could be brought to speak with my Lord Ambassador though very willing, yet fearful lest he should be known."

(14) The second night (Thursday?) Stafford, the English Ambassador, came secretly. Aldred speaks of his "sweet speeches and friendly entertainment;" [with this should be compared Stafford's own words: "I used them with all the courtesy I could to encourage them;" also one of a series of allegations of Gilbert Gifford's against Stafford after his arrest in 1588, that Stafford "had dealt with Dr. Gifford and Gratley with such fair words that they took him to be a saint,"¹ if this statement had any foundation in fact (and it tallies with Aldred's account), it must have been based on Dr. Gifford's own impressions of the interview as told by him to Gilbert].

(15) The result of the interview on Dr. Gifford was (and Aldred must be here reporting a conversation of Dr. Gifford with himself) that "it gave him such a courage" that "the more he thinks of it the more forward he is to perform it; and that he has five or six scholars of the best that will surely follow his course; and that he does not doubt to

¹ *Cal. Dom. Addenda, 1580—1625*, p. 224.

bring Dr. Allen himself into this action after he has set Parsons and him at variance."

(16) The object of the Ambassador was to induce Dr. Gifford to come to England forthwith; the passport was in Aldred's hands.

(17) Dr. Gifford would not come to England at once, and explained the reasons for his delay to Stafford in a document to be sent to Walsingham.

Stafford's Letter.

Stafford wrote to Walsingham on Friday, April 15th, the day after the interview. He gives his personal impression of Gifford and Gratley, and refers for the reasons of Gifford's not coming to England to Gifford's own paper, enclosed. This paper is lost; but Stafford sums up the reasons for delay, viz., that by Gifford's influence Allen might "be got into the same faction."

Dr. Gifford's Letter.

After his return to Rheims, Dr. Gifford wrote his letter of April 18th to Walsingham, in which he gives directly to that Minister his own account of his objects, aims, and terms. And he does so in these words: "I heartily desire not only to enjoy the comfort of my country, but also to induce all I may to do the like, upon assurance of freedom in religion and conscience, and to live in our natural soil under the protection of Her Majesty;" if the rigour of the penal laws were somewhat relaxed, many aversed hearts would be turned to the Queen; "in the doing whereof, if I be thought worthy to be an instrument, I humbly offer myself to deal and do effectually whatever pen, tongue, and heart will permit me."

Here we have Dr. Gifford's own statement of what he was prepared to do, and of the conditions on which he would do it. I will only ask the reader now to peruse Dr. Gifford's letter in its entirety, and to confront it with Father Pollen's construction of the episode revealed by the series of documents, viz., that Dr. Gifford seems to have been trying "to purchase for himself toleration by forswearing his connection with his fellow-Catholics."

The second group of letters (Nos. 4, 5, 6) need not detain us at any length. A period of three months had elapsed and the situation had cleared. Gilbert Gifford's letter to Walsingham (No. 4, dated 11th July) shows that there had been a hitch in the negotiations with Dr. Gifford, but that Gilbert still hoped to be able to play upon him and use him if he came to England. The two letters to Phelippe (Nos. 5 and 6, written some six weeks later than No. 4) are, in the absence of Morgan's letter which occasioned them, not as clear as we could wish; but they indicate that Dr. Gifford would not do something Walsingham

had hoped for, and that Gilbert Gifford (who knew him well) had always foretold that he would not. In the last letter Walsingham's disappointment and irritation find vent.

One point, perhaps, calls for a word,—Dr. Gifford's expectation that five or six scholars in the Rheims College would "surely follow his course." A letter of Dr. Barrett's, written in April, 1583, shows that even at that date Dr. Gifford had become the recognized leader of the "Welsh," *i.e.*, the anti-Spanish party in the College.¹ In these circumstances, it would be wresting Aldred's report to interpret it as if Gifford, in 1586, undertook to start a propaganda in the College at Walsingham's instigation. The "Welsh" party in the College already existed, and all Gifford says is that five or six would "follow the course" he contemplated. That there was nothing vile or dishonouring in that course is shown by the fact that he hoped to induce Allen to follow it also,—"he does not doubt to bring D. Allen himself into this action" (Document 1); so that the honourable nature of the undertaking, whatever it was, is guaranteed not only by Dr. Gifford's own character, but also by his intimate knowledge of Dr. Allen's character and of what Allen might be expected to do. Concerning Gifford's conduct in regard to Allen there appears no justification in the facts for placing a sinister interpretation on his action, or for supposing that he would be less frank with his friend than he was with Walsingham. That he never forfeited Allen's confidence is clear from his continuance in his chair at the College at Rheims, and from his summons thence to Rome by Allen in order to stand in the most intimate and personal relation to him. This testimony of Allen's to Gifford's character and trustworthiness is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he made no secret of his antipathy to Allen's line in politics (see his words: "This I have said, spoken and written publicly and privately," in the letter to Walsingham).

It clearly appears from the correspondence that Dr. Gifford undertook to perform two services for Walsingham: (1) To try to detach Dr. Allen from the Spanish party by "setting him at variance" with Father Persons, the heart and soul of that party; there are Catholics who will think that this would have been a notable service to the cause of Catholicism. (2) To come to England and "deal and do effectually whatever pen, tongue, and heart will permit" to keep the English Catholics steady in their

¹ Knox, *Douay Diaries*, p. 326.

allegiance, and to use his influence in counteracting those who were trying to win them over to the Spanish policy; provided the Government would grant freedom of conscience and some measure of toleration. Dr. Gifford's letter to Walsingham (Document 3), by its pathos and its earnest eloquence, bears all the intrinsic marks of sincerity and must be taken as truthfully portraying his whole mind, especially as its tenor so closely resembles that of a letter to his sister, written nearly twenty years later (to be referred to anon). The avowed intentions are enough to account for the facts of the case, and there is neither need nor reason for looking for hidden motives.

Such is my reading of the documents and the facts that stand behind them, in so far as is concerned the allegation that Dr. Gifford "was in treaty with Walsingham himself, with a view, as it seems, to purchase for himself toleration, by forswearing his connection with his fellow-Catholics." But this theory as to the nature of his relations with Walsingham was put forward as supplying at once a refutation and explanation of Savage's story that Dr. Gifford had incited him to assassinate Elizabeth. For my part I do not think that the theory would supply either the one or the other. For, on the one hand, Savage's allegations referred to the summer of 1585, a whole year before the opening of any communications between Gifford and Walsingham; so that the fact of negotiations being on foot in April, 1586, can afford no proof that Gifford had not been plotting against the Queen a year previously. And, on the other hand, if Savage's allegations were untrue, his story does not seem to be explained, even in part, by any interpretation whatever put upon Gifford's negotiations with Walsingham: indeed, I cannot perceive any nexus between the closing sentence of Father Pollen's note and what has gone before.

But as the matter has been here raised, and as the *Dictionary of National Biography* in the article on Savage adopts his statement without reserve, it will be in place to offer some observations on the point. In his confession, John Savage, one of the Babington conspirators, alleged that Dr. Gifford had incited and encouraged him to murder Elizabeth,¹ and his statements were reproduced at the trial.² In 1594, Edmund Yorke and his confederates made similar allegations against Dr. Gifford,

¹ R.O. *Queen of Scots*, xix. n. 91.

² *State Trials*, i. 1129.

Dr. Worthington (President of the English College at Douay), Father Holt, S.J., and others.¹

It is a matter of exceeding difficulty to steer along the even course of truth through such statements, made in profusion in Elizabeth's reign by spies and informers, or by prisoners turning Queen's evidence when on trial for their lives and in the hands of heartless and wholly unscrupulous politicians, who often wanted "informations" of the kind for their own purposes. In face of incontrovertible facts, it is not enough merely to declare the accusations incredible. Only one who had immersed himself in the records of the reign could be in a position to pass a safe judgment on the whole class of evidence in question. For this reason Mr. Hume's book, *Treason and Plot*, possesses a great value; the fourth chapter in particular should be read—in it he summarily rejects charges of the same nature made against Father Henry Walpole, S.J. In regard to Yorke's allegations against Dr. Gifford, Mr. Hume pronounces that the story "is difficult to believe," and he evidently does not believe it.² He does not deal with the Babington Plot; but it is worthy of note that a short time before the examination of the Babington conspirators, the informer, Anthony Tyrrell, had made statements, precisely similar to Savage's, against Dr. Gifford and Dr. Allen. In his retraction a year later he thus refers to portions of his depositions :

Hence we went to Rheims, where I framed the like conferences with Dr. Allen and others for killing her Majesty, that all should like well thereof, and that we heard many seditious sermons made there, and namely by Dr. Gifford, calling the Queen tyrant, usurper, and other like odious terms: whereof, God forgive me, no one word was true.³ [And in his letter to Elizabeth :] I accused the Pope, I slandered the Jesuits, belied Dr. Allen, Dr. Lewis, and Dr. Gifford, reporting of them and divers others of our nation unto my Lord Treasurer such horrible matters, as against the Turk or the devil I could not devise more grievous.⁴

From the nature of the case, formal refutations of such charges as those of Savage and Yorke are now impossible.

¹ *Cal. Dom.*, 1591–94, pp. 531—559; see also Hume, *Treason and Plot*, 153—161.

² P. 160.

³ Father Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, ii. 367.

⁴ Op. cit. p. 478. Gilbert Gifford also, after Savage's statements incriminating himself, in the letter to Phelipps, cited in part above (Document 5), made the same charges as Savage against Dr. Gifford, and included Dr. Allen also amongst the instigators of Savage's attempt. Gilbert Gifford deserves no credence whatever.

For me, Dr. Gifford's letter to Walsingham, cited above (Document 3), is ample refutation of Savage's allegations; no one who was not an abandoned hypocrite could have written that letter, if a few months before he had urged Savage to murder Elizabeth. Fortunately, too, in Dr. Gifford's case a piece of rebutting evidence may be produced, which is all the more striking from its unintentional character. There is extant a letter from him to his sister, written in 1601, and printed by Mr. Law.¹

Right worshipful my loving sister,—I was very glad by this gentleman to understand of your welfare and by his return to have occasion to salute you, being amongst other afflictions incident to my long exile and banishment an extreme grief that I could not, nor this 30 years did have, ordinary intercourse or communication with my near friends and kindred; which I impute chiefly to those who by stratagems and crafty devices have wrongfully made me hateful to our prince and estate, by abusing my name in those practices in which, as Christ knoweth, I never had any part. For as I am a Catholic, and so will for ever continue by God's special assistance: so I ever detested these violent and bloody spirits who continually and unnaturally practise against their prince and country, and seek to expose to the spoil of foreigners by unjust invasion and conquest all sorts of people of what religion soever. . . . Inform yourself aright without passion or partiality who they be that have sent in men to attempt against the sacred person of our prince: who they be that negotiate abroad for foreign invasion and conquests and unnaturally seek to arm strangers to the overthrow of their natural country: . . . and when you have found who they be, eschew them as dangerous to your soul, pernicious to your body, enemies to their country and infamous to our religion. . . . And with this, my sister, I make an end, commanding you and yours to the holy protection of Him who spent His Sacred Blood on the Cross for us all.

Your loving brother and faithful friend for ever,

WILLIAM GIFFORDE.

Mr. Hume speaks of "the apparently sincere voluntary declarations in innumerable letters from English exiles of their loyalty to the Sovereign and State;"² amongst these letters that of Dr. Gifford to his sister cannot but in a high degree beget conviction, in that it was a purely private letter, and not intended to serve any political or self-interested purpose. In it, as in that to Walsingham, we feel the ring of sincerity which

¹ *Archpriest Controversy*, ii. 177.

² Op. cit. 114.

tells us that the writer was saying what he believed to be the truth, and, in that which concerned himself, was the truth.

Dr. Gifford took part in many of the ecclesiastical controversies among the English Catholics in the later portion of Elizabeth's reign and the beginning of that of James. To apply to those with whom he acted rather than to their opponents such terms as "factious" or "factiousness," would be a misuse of language; to treat them as disloyal or unsatisfactory Catholics would be a defiance of facts. It would be neither historically true, nor apologetically desirable, to suggest the solidarity of English Catholics in Elizabeth's reign, or to identify the body with the Spanish section. For a quarter of a century, from the time he left the English College at Rome in 1582, until he became a monk at Dieulouard in 1608, the story of Dr. Gifford's public life may be summed up as an opposition to the party and the policy mainly identified with Father Persons' name. That policy was the offspring of the theocratic political system built up in the later Middle Ages. But the period marked the transition from mediæval to modern history. During the critical years of Elizabeth the extremists had the ear of the Pope and of the King of Spain, and they got their way: history records at what cost.

E. C. BUTLER.

NOTE BY FATHER POLLEN.

The narrow limits of our space unfortunately prevent me from discussing in the present issue Dom Butler's forcible and courteous presentation of the evidence for his view of the case, but I trust to be able to do so in the next number. Meanwhile I will only say in general terms that I still adhere to my view of the facts and to my verdict on them. I will gladly correct my error in making Walsingham say that Dr. Gifford "must be content" to be hardly spoken of, whereas he did in fact only say that Gifford "deserved" to be so treated. The correction distinctly makes in the Doctor's favour, but I do not think it carries us very far.

As to Dr. Gifford's position in regard to Spain, on which Dom Butler's article so largely turns, I cannot at all agree.

Dom Butler epitomizes it thus, "For a quarter of a century . . . the story of Dr. Gifford's public life may be summed up as an opposition to the party and the policy mainly identified with Father Persons' name;" that is to say, to those who desired the help of Spain. These are Dr. Gifford's own words:

It is now twenty-seven¹ years since I devoted myself wholly to the duty of professing theology in our Seminary under the leadership of Cardinal Allen of happy memory. From him I imbibed a spirit of the greatest devotedness and dutiful affection towards his Majesty [of Spain]. In that [spirit] I have studied and taught; for it I have often preached in many a public pulpit with the greatest zeal. On account of it in England I have been by name condemned to the gallows, my kith and kin have suffered the extreme penalty, and their heads have been impaled on London Bridge. For it my family, as the wide earth bears witness, has suffered ruin and endured spoliations without number. I have borne testimony to it before the whole world in printed books. On its account I am an exile both from France and England. All these facts are most patent and well known to my countrymen. . . . I would desire even at the cost of my blood to see his Highness on the throne of England, wedded to a queenly spouse, girt about with princely offspring wielding the sceptre and passing it on to royal sons and grandsons.²

This letter will need a little comment to make itself perfectly understood. But however we take it, it seems to me fatal to Dom Butler's theory of the Doctor being the *leader* of a party opposed to Spain. He has also, as we shall see, earnestly deprecated the idea that he was an opponent of Father Persons.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ So the printed text, but the reading must be corrupt. Even seventeen seems really too large a number, to be precisely true, but the exaggeration would not be great.

² Dr. Gifford to the Provost of the Chapter of Lille, June 27, 1597. The Latin text is printed in full in Father Knox's *Douay Diaries*, p. 409. The "Highness" mentioned in the last line is the Archduke Albert, and the "queenly spouse" the Infanta of Spain.

Rus in Urbe.

X. ROOKS.

"THE first of March, the first stick gangs to the craw's nest," says an old Scotch saw, and, as the author of *A Year in a Lancashire Garden* testifies, it is said in his county, or at least near Liverpool, that Rooks always begin to build on the first Sunday of the same month. The dates assigned are so nearly identical as to make the present occasion seasonable for a few words about a bird which is associated more than others with its breeding-places, and it may be assumed that the "craw" of the Scotch version is that gregarious and companionable member of the tribe which lends itself to observation far more than any other of its kindred, who have learnt to shun the sight of man as the face of a serpent.

In these innovating days the oldest thrones are liable to totter, and amongst other revolutions has occurred one in the kingdom of the birds. From the time at least of Æsop, the title of the Eagle had never been disputed to rank as monarch of the feathered race, and, as having some tincture of blood royal in their veins, the *Raptore*s, or birds of prey, falcons and hawks, even vultures and owls, were allowed to form an aristocratic caste, which stood first in all systems of classification. Now, however, we have changed all that. Not strength or swiftness, but intelligence, is declared to be the true touchstone of rank, and accordingly the raptorial dynasty has been degraded, and the supremacy transferred to the *Oscines*, or Passerine birds—that is to the class which neither eats others, nor runs, nor climbs, nor wades, nor swims,—and in this large category the first position is assigned, as the most intellectual of all, to the Crow family, with the Raven, *Corvus corax*, at its head. But, as is wont to happen with systems of classification, in one rather noticeable regard the leaders cannot be said

adequately to represent the family characteristics, for *Oscines* signifies singing-birds.

Among the princes of the blood who stand nearest to what we must now call the avian throne, who are entitled to wear the King's own sable uniform, and who speak with at least an echo of his voice, none is better known than the Rook, about whom much interest gathers and many controversies. The latter are connected with his services or disservices to man, and it will probably be debated to the end of time whether the good he does outweighs the harm or *vice versa*. That he is responsible for many misdeeds cannot be questioned. To begin with, his scientific appellation is against him—*Corvus frugilegus*¹—"the fruit-gathering crow," which seems to stamp him as a mere robber at man's expense. But, scientific though this title may be, it does the bird a grave injustice, for without any question a very large part of his diet, and the whole of that supplied to the young in the nest, consists of insects, worms, grubs, and other pests of the farm, the amount of which required for the sustenance of his ravenous fledglings is undoubtedly enormous. Some of his more ardent advocates have attempted to maintain that even when the rook busies himself with grain, turnips, or the like, he is really pursuing their destroyers, but this is certainly going too far. In the case of newly-sown corn, or freshly set crops of pulse or potatoes, it is these themselves and not their foes that he covets, and the various devices employed to drive the aggressors away, are well advised, whether such devices take the form of scarecrows, or of boys "moindin' ruks," with a clapper or an old horse-pistol to help their lungs in scaring them off. At the same time, there is a considerable element of truth in the defence set up for the birds,—for at a later stage, when things having begun to grow have ceased to tempt them, if they pull up plants it is to get at some creature infesting the roots, and here again—as in the ploughing season—they render inestimable services, destroying in particular the noxious larvæ of cockchafer and daddy-long-legs. On the other hand, it must be owned that, if not so rapacious as some of his race,

¹ The latest idea seems to be that this nomenclature requires to be changed, as is so constantly the case in regard of the feathered race,—even more than other organic creatures. Consequently, instead of *Corvus*, the poor bird is to be known as *Trypanocorax*, or "the boring crow," unless, indeed, being ejected from the genus *Corvus*, he loses the right to be called a crow at all.

the rook has no conscience in the matter of eggs, and should there be any difficulty about other provender, he will regale himself on young birds, whether chickens and ducklings, or pheasants and partridges.

His English name takes us into another field of inquiry, and is remarkable on account of the contradictory significations it has been made to bear. On the one hand, it stands for a sharper or swindler who plucks "pigeons," with the verb "to rook" matching it. On the other hand, it stands for the victim of such folk, a simpleton or "gull" easily duped. In each sense it has high and ancient authority; in the latter it is used by Ben Jonson. As for the "Rook" of chessplayers, its name introduces quite another branch of ornithology, being probably connected with that of Sindbad the Sailor's Roc, the mighty fowl which fed its young on elephants and laid the monstrous egg.

As for the bird itself, it is doubtless known to many persons simply as the "Crow," a title which should be reserved for its cousin the Carrion Crow (*Corvus corone*). The two are certainly very much alike, and yet there is little difficulty in distinguishing them, if one cares to do so. The crow proper, which must rank somewhat higher than the rook, as being nearer in blood to their common chief the raven, is a fiercer and more predaceous bird, with the upper mandible of its beak turned sharply down at the tip, forming a tearing instrument suitable for a flesh-eater; its "caw" is wilder and shriller, and, above all, it is solitary in its habits, no more than a pair being ever seen in company. Rooks, on the contrary, are the most gregarious of all birds known in this country, not only assembling in flocks at certain seasons, as do pigeons, plovers, and waterfowl, but living constantly in community, in particular during the nesting season, when others court seclusion. The rook, moreover, has a bare scurfy patch at the base of the bill, which shows white at a considerable distance, whereas the crow has the same part feathered in uniform black. It has been maintained by some and denied by others, that this bare patch is caused by the abrasion of feathers in consequence of the constant thrusting of the beak into the earth during the bird's delving operations. Experiments seem hitherto to have increased the doubt instead of solving it, for of young birds kept in captivity, by Waterton and others, with no opportunity of digging, some have spontaneously shed their feathers, and some have not.

It must be sufficient to know, that in a wild condition, all Rooks that have come of age, have somehow acquired this characteristic.

Not only is the Rook the most sociable of birds within the limits of its own kind. Even beyond its own species its company is sought when it goes a-hunting, very probably because other birds have learnt to recognize its sagacity in divining where grubs and worms are to be found, and consequently it is a familiar sight to see its flocks accompanied by others, of jackdaws, starlings, and even peewits, flying together from place to place, and foraging in the same field.

In regard of man, too, the Rook holds a special position. Not only does he pitch his tabernacles habitually in the immediate vicinity of human dwellings, but he is frequently credited with very human instincts in his choice of company. It is a well-known idea that he is of aristocratic disposition, and will not tolerate the society of plebeian families which have become the possessors of ancient mansions. Remarkable instances are also quoted to show that the birds keep themselves well informed as to the domestic history of those whom they honour with their company, abandoning a whole estate the owner of which has persecuted one of their colonies, and reappearing with uncanny promptitude after his demise. So grave an authority as Professor Newton acknowledges that this belief is supported by remarkable coincidences. Others again ascribe to Rooks anti-Semitic sentiments, and declare that they will abandon a settlement should the house to which it is attached be occupied by a Jew. It is certain, however, that they do not take amiss the annual slaughter of their young, when, having left the nest and not yet being able to fly, they remain helplessly perched as "branchers," offering a rather inglorious mark and furnishing material for that old-fashioned delicacy a rook-pie. It is even maintained, though evidence does not bear out the assertion, that the birds will abandon a rookery which is *not* thus shot, as though they consider it to be somehow for their good to be thus thinned. On the other hand, they certainly resent an unseasonable bombardment, for instance, when building operations are in progress, as a breach of the rules of the game which they will not tolerate. They likewise keep themselves perfectly well informed as to the human *personnel* around them, and while those whom they have learnt to recognize as innocuous may come and go without remark, the advent of a stranger, even in company of such

persons, will be the signal for immediate excitement and uproar, and set the whole company soaring and clamouring at a safe distance aloft. There are, moreover, some points upon which they are morbidly touchy. If, for example, any operations be undertaken near their nesting trees, which transmit unwonted noises through the earth and up the trunks,—as the clink of trowels on stonework beneath the surface of the ground,—they will infallibly take alarm and be off.

In London, it is obvious, there can be no very nice discrimination of individual merits or demerits on the part of neighbours. Mankind has to be considered in the mass, but the huge proportions to which the mass attains do not of themselves constitute any impediment to the establishment of settlements. Given trees suitable for building, and sufficient foraging grounds conveniently near, the birds are quite content, and within recent memory not only the suburbs but the interior of the metropolis, besides plenteous human "rookeries," had not a few of the genuine kind to show. These have, however, in these latter days been more effectually eliminated than their metaphorical namesakes of the slums. Half a century ago there were no less than three large establishments in Kensington Gardens; but the trees there have been sadly thinned by storms, and the stability of the survivors cannot be beyond suspicion, so the rooks, who are first-class judges on this point, have entirely abandoned the place. In other parts, the enterprising builder has swept away their ancestral homes along with other landmarks of the past, so that now, with the exception of a small colony in Connaught Square,¹ the members of which forage in Hyde Park, there remains but one rookery within London—in Gray's Inn, on the frontier of the City itself.

The history of this establishment is remarkable and in various ways instructive, as illustrating the ways and habits of this singular bird. In the first place, the situation has never been patronized as a residential quarter except only during the nesting season. It is visited each day for the sake of the plenteous provender it affords, for many of the occupants of chambers round about contribute the remains of breakfasts and luncheons for the entertainment of the fraternity, who know

¹ It has been asserted in print that the Connaught Square rookery is a thing of the past, but at the date of writing (February 7th, 1904) some of the nine nests which it at present contains are being inspected by their owners to see what repairs will be needed, or watched lest their materials should be purloined by unscrupulous neighbours.

perfectly well from what windows such largesses are to be expected. But each evening—except, as has been said, when domestic cares rule otherwise,—they all move off northwards to spend the night in some common dormitory with others of their fellows. But this is not a London peculiarity ;—the same habit generally, though not universally, characterizes those dwelling in the country, who habitually congregate towards bed-time where the principal rookery of the neighbourhood is situated, and where the affairs of the nation can be discussed in a general palaver.¹ Those which do not follow this custom, but spend their nights at home, are probably influenced by necessity, having no such gathering ground within practicable distance. The point in which the town birds differ from their provincial brethren is in drawing for their subsistence always upon one and the same spot, which the resources of civilization placed at their disposal render more constantly fruitful than any of nature's providing.²

These daily flittings from place to place suggest the large question of migration. It used to be universally supposed that the Rook was essentially a non-migratory bird, and that all members of his family met with in this country were constant residents. Modern observation shows, however, that there is probably no bird of which this is true, and that it is certainly untrue of him. Many Rooks no doubt remain with us all their lives, but it is quite certain that many do not, and a report issued only last year—1903—by a Committee of the British Association, shows that a rather complicated system of immigration and emigration takes place annually. The Rook is but a summer visitor to North-Western Continental Europe, whence some birds come to winter in Britain, along with many from Central Europe, where it is partially resident. These strangers arrive on our shores from September to November, those from Scandinavia taking up their quarters as far north as the Shetlands, and as far west as Barra in the Hebrides, where they are known but as winter visitors.

On the other hand, considerable numbers are found to leave Britain for the Continent in September and October, proceeding

¹ Waterton (*Essays*, 1st Series) gives a full account of the daily manœuvres in his own neighbourhood.

² In the *Field*, June 29, 1902, are to be found various interesting particulars concerning the Rooks of Gray's Inn, evidently from the pen of one personally acquainted with them.

towards Belgium and France, though with what ultimate objective it is of course impossible to say.

In spring the process is reversed. From early February to April the large contingent which came in autumn from Central Europe, troops back to its breeding-places. Those from the North-Westerly portion of the Continent naturally start somewhat later—beginning early in March, and being fewer in numbers do not occupy so long a time, having usually all taken their departure by about the middle of April. From February to mid-April the British rooks which preferred to winter abroad—perhaps in imitation of their human neighbours—return to their own country.¹

It is by no means impossible that our London-bred birds contribute their quota to these wanderers, for it appears certain that but a few of the young of each year are permitted to establish themselves in the colony where they were born, only as many as will serve to keep it up to a fixed numerical limit. When they can fly, their parents go off with them, and return without them, having somehow made them understand that they must seek their own fortunes elsewhere; and, as our national history bears witness, it is of youngsters thus circumstanced that explorers and adventurers are made.

But the Gray's Inn rookery is by no means what it was. It is, in fact, a shadow of its former self, having dwindled to a mere fraction of its old dimensions. It once mustered fifty or sixty inhabitants, now there cannot be above a score, and the nests, few and far between, do but emphasize the emptiness of the intervening space. But the tale of its decadence is too tragic to be properly treated in the limited space now at command, and must await another occasion for its telling. It also involves the appearance on the scene of another member of the crow-tribe—as the villain of the piece.

RURICOLA.

¹ The British Association Committee finds somewhat similar migration established in the case of four other birds which used to be considered invariable stay-at-homes, viz., Starlings, Lapwings, Song-Thrushes, and Skylarks.

The Scottish Reformation and Vernacular Literature.

THIS is an age of historical research. The fact has often been stated ; sometimes with a degree of self-glorification which, to the sober-minded critic, seems not entirely justified ; since it may fairly be questioned if the eagerness of certain modern writers to introduce new readings into history has not been productive of as much error and confusion as the unhesitating credulity of earlier annalists. Still, the truth remains, whether for good or for evil, that all around us we see the historical beliefs of our forefathers being thrown into the crucible ; and if a good deal of pure gold perishes in the process, there can be no doubt that the dross of many ancient prejudices is purged away also.

Whether this tendency of the age has, on the whole, been favourable or otherwise to the Catholic Church, I shall not attempt to estimate here. It is certain, however, that Catholics have it to thank for the clearing away of several time-worn historical prepossessions ; among them, of not a few relating to that great political and theological crisis usually known as the Reformation. At one time it was the fashion to view this famous movement almost exclusively through the spectacles of religious prejudice. But the last century saw the rise of a school of writers who set themselves to deal with it in a more liberal and philosophical temper ; and Catholics, emboldened by their example, have not been slow to follow in their footsteps.

In Scotland, where the anti-Catholic element has always been more powerful than in England, the influence of this new spirit has been longer in making itself felt. Of late, however, there have not been wanting tokens that it has penetrated even there ; and even in the land of Knox and Buchanan, there have been found persons bold enough to hint that the “glorious

Reformation" so highly extolled by their ancestors was not an unmixed blessing ; and that, whatever else it might or might not be, it was certainly not a movement in the direction of national development. With the various political and theological criticisms upon which historians of this school have entered, it would be out of place to deal here ; but there is one aspect of the case which has hitherto received comparatively little attention—and that is, the influence of the Scottish Reformation on the national language and literature.

The popular delusion that the Scottish tongue is a mere dialect of English is by this time, thanks to the efforts of Scottish writers, pretty thoroughly exploded ; and we now realize that, so far from this being the case, the speech of Barbour and Wyntoun, of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, is simply another branch of that great stem from which we derive our own modern English. And to the student of language there are few things more interesting than to watch the development of that tongue from its first rude germs, through the homely simplicity of the old chroniclers, until it reaches its climax as a literary force in the polished metre and extraordinary verbal harmony of Dunbar. And when I speak of "homely simplicity," perhaps I may be allowed to say that I use the phrase by no means in disparagement of the early chroniclers, but rather the reverse. For the main purpose of all narrative, which is to impress the imagination of the reader, rude simplicity is sometimes far more effective than a more ornate diction ; and I have never yet come across any history of the Scottish War of Independence which can compare for vividness and direct human interest with the pages of Barbour and Blind Harry. The Battle of Bannockburn, in Scott's poem, is far less striking than it is in that of Barbour ; and is there any account of the last days of Bruce more full of human pathos than the parting between him and Douglas, as related by the same old writer ?

And quhen the gud lord of Dowglass,
Wist at the Kyngh thus spokyn has,
He com and knelit to the kyng,
And on this wiss maid him thanking.
"I thank yow gretly, lorde," said he,
"Of mony large and gret bounte
That yhe haf done till me feill sis,
Sen first I come to your servis.
Bot our all thing I mak thanking,
That yhe so digne and worthy thing

As your hert that illumynyt wes
Of all bounte and worthynes,
Will that I in my yeemself tak.
For yow, schir, will I blithly mak
This travell, gif God will me gif
Laser and space so lange till liff."
The kyng hym thankit tenderly;
Thar wes nane in that company,
That thai ne wepit for pite;
Thair cher anoyus wes to se.

It is impossible to read this passage without feeling that the picture would have been infinitely less impressive if the author had filled in the outlines of his canvas. But, primitive as was Barbour's art, he had certainly mastered the secret of all truly great narrative—that of calling up images by suggestion.

Vivid chronicler, however, as Barbour is, and powerfully as his work undoubtedly contributed to feed the flame of patriotism in Scotland, it cannot be said that he assisted greatly in the formation of the Scottish tongue. There is very little in his dialect to distinguish it from the northern English writers of his time; an observation which, in a lesser degree, applies also to Wyntoun. Indeed, the Scottish language, in spite of its borrowings from French and other sources, has always retained a much closer affinity with the Anglo-Saxon than its sister south of the Tweed. This fact is noticeable even in Gavin Douglas, who, despite his boast that he wrote only in the Scottish tongue, really employs a larger number of French and English forms than most of his contemporaries. Still, long before the time of Douglas—indeed, from the period when the northern dialect began to decay in England—the Scottish language had begun to assume a distinct form of its own. It cannot be said, however, that the epoch during which this change was taking place—distracted as the country was by foreign wars and internal dissensions—was one very favourable to the growth of the national literature. Accordingly, during the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century we find in Scotland only a single really great poet, and that, one who owes a large part of his inspiration to the direct influence of Chaucer. Not that James I. is by any means a servile imitator of his great predecessor; on the contrary, that most graceful and romantic of love-stories, "The Kingis Quair"—despite a few probably unconscious plagiarisms—is not only as original as anything in Chaucer, but has a delicacy

of touch and a purity of sentiment to which the older poet did not always attain. But after the death of James the roll of Scottish poetry contains—with the exception of Henryson—no specially illustrious name; until, towards the close of the fifteenth century, a greater singer than either arose to give new vitality to its strains.

William Dunbar is not only the most brilliant poetic genius of his age; he is also incomparably the greatest of all the Scottish poets, and no unworthy rival of Chaucer. If he has not the pathos of the latter, nor that extraordinary power of character-drawing which has made the *Canterbury Tales* immortal, he excels Chaucer in terseness and variety of versification; and in a certain kind of lofty moralizing, like that of the noble *Lament for the Makaris*, he is at least his equal.

Unto the deid gois all estaitis,
Princis, prellattis, and potestaitis,
Baith riche and puire of all degré;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knychtis in to feild.
Anarmit under helme and scheild;
Victour he is at all mellie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campiouin in the stour,
The capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bouri full of bewtie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,
Nor clerk for his intelligence;
His awfull straik may no man fle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the deid remeid is non,
Best is that we for deid dispone.
Eftir our deid that leif may we;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

There is one respect at least in which the Scottish poet has decidedly the advantage of his English predecessor; he is wholly free from that unmerciful prolixity which sometimes makes the study of Chaucer a weariness of the flesh to his most ardent admirers. It is not too much to say that in the whole of

Dunbar's poems there is hardly an unnecessary word ; and in verbal music and mastery of metre there are few poets who have ever excelled him. The Scottish tongue, in his hands, became an instrument which, in variety of compass, and richness of tone and melody, has rarely been surpassed, even by the greatest masters of song. Indeed, it is difficult, within the scope of any ordinary criticism, to do justice to the versatility of the man who could range from the ornate imagery and polished diction, of *The Thrissill and the Rois*, and *The Goldyn Targe*, to the shrewd wit and homely pathos of such poems as the *Remonstrance to the King*, and *The Petition of the Gray Horse*. But perhaps there is no better specimen of Dunbar's metrical powers than what a modern critic rightly calls "that superb piece of word-music and rhymal ingenuity," the exquisite *Ballat of Our Lady*.

Haile, sterne superne ! Haile in eterne,
 In Godis sicht to schyne !
 Luciferne in derne, for to discerne
 Be glory and grace devyne ;
 Hodiern, modern, sempitern,
 Angelicall Regyne !
 Our tern infern for to dispern,
 Helpe, rialest rosyne.
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
 Haile, fresche flour femynyne !
 Yerne us, guberne, Virgin matern,
 Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

Haile, yyng, benyng, fresche flurising !
 Haile, Alphais habitakle !
 Thy dyng offspring maid us to syng
 Befor his tabernakle ;
 All thing maling we doune thring,
 Be sight of his signakle ;
 Quhilk King us bring unto his ryng,
 Fro dethis dirk umbrakle.
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
 Haile, Modir and Maid but makle !
 Bricht sygn, gladyng our languissing,
 Be micht of thi mirakle.

* * *

Imperiall wall, place palestrall,
 Of peirless pulcritude ;
 Tryumphale hall, hie trone regall
 Of Godis celsitude ;

Hospitall riall, the Lord of all
Thy closet did include;
Bricht ball cristall, rois virginall,
Fulfillit of angell fude.
Ave Maria, gratia plena!
Thy birth has with his blude,
Fra fall mortall, originall,
Us ransomid on the rude.

With Dunbar, as has been said before, Scottish poetry undoubtedly attained its high-water mark; for neither his contemporaries, Henryson and Gavin Douglas, nor his successor, David Lyndsay—though all possessed of high poetical qualities—can for an instant compare with him in ability. This being the case, the almost total neglect with which, during nearly two centuries, the ancient Scottish “Makars,” and Dunbar in particular, were regarded, appears all the more extraordinary. Yet the fact remains that the works of at least twelve poets, enumerated in the *Lament for the Makaris*, have almost entirely perished; while Dunbar himself is not mentioned by a single early writer on Scottish literature. Various ingenious hypotheses have been invented to account for this state of things, by writers who perhaps shrank from admitting to themselves the true explanation—namely, that the blight which, towards the end of the sixteenth century, fell upon the Scottish language as a literary force, was the natural and legitimate outcome of the Reformation.

It is, of course, obvious that, for minds focussed on the most tremendous of all realities, and heated by theological debate, the tranquil realms of pure literature cease to have any attraction; and hence we generally find that an age of polemical strife is hostile to a wide literary development. Such is all the more likely to be the case when the dominant party happen to be men of the tone and temper of the early Scottish Reformers. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the whole character of the actors in that remarkable movement, by which Scotland was lost to the Catholic Church. But it may be pointed out that Scottish Protestantism, even in its infancy, has always been more Calvinistic than that of England; and that John Knox and his associates bore, in many respects, a far closer resemblance to the English Puritans of the reign of Charles I., than to the Anglicans of Elizabeth's time. The inevitable result of this tendency in the Scottish Reformers was to make them look askance at everything in the shape of what

they denominated "profane" literature; under which head songs, ballads, and the works of very nearly all the older poets were included in one comprehensive condemnation.

It must in fairness be acknowledged that, in the case of at least one department of vernacular literature—that of the popular ballads—this censure was by no means wholly undeserved. Noble as these old folk-songs are, their sentiments, from a Christian point of view, cannot be said to be invariably edifying; and on one important side of morality—that of the relations of the sexes—they are too often frankly pagan. Nor can this charge of grossness, if not of positive licentiousness, be confined entirely to the ancient ballads. Dunbar's pages are too frequently disfigured by the blot which so often sullies those of Chaucer; and the same reproach might, with equal justice, be cast upon many of his contemporaries. In view, however, of the fact that Lyndsay—who is far the inferior of Dunbar in poetical merit, but who satirized the ecclesiastical abuses of his time in verse which, for coarseness, equals anything in the works of the older writer—was the only one of the early "Makars" whose fame survived the Reformation, it is impossible to account for the attitude of the Reformers on this ground alone.

It might have been supposed that the literary impulse, excluded from all other fields, would have found its outlet in polemics; but, with the exception of Knox and Buchanan, the controversial writers of the period are singularly barren of literary merit. Knox's *History of the Reformation*, is, in many ways, a remarkable performance; and, whatever may be thought of its merits as a chronicle, probably no human being ever called it dull. A firm conviction on the part of a writer that everybody who differs from him is destined to damnation, is not conducive either to Christian charity, philosophical truth, or historical accuracy; but, allied with a keen dramatic instinct and a vigorous style, it produces eminently readable literature. There are, however, few prose writers of the Reformation period of whom as much as this can be said. Its chief poetic monument—if we except certain pieces of Scott and Montgomerie—is *The Gude and Godlie Ballates* of Wedderburn, in which the author endeavours to neutralize the profanity of the old ballads by adapting them in a spiritual sense—with results which, however creditable to the piety of the writer, are sometimes exceedingly trying to the reader's sense of humour. To such

expedients was the Muse driven in an age when all secular poetry lay more or less under suspicion, if not actually under the ban of the Kirk.

It would have been well, however, for Scottish literature, if the prejudices of the Reformers had been the worst obstacle with which it had to contend. The literary instinct can no more be driven out with a pitchfork than any other tendency of human nature; and had the Scottish language been left to itself, the old duel between literature and Puritanism would probably have found its usual end in the discomfiture of the latter. But unfortunately, before the Scottish Muse could recover from the spell cast over her by Calvinism, other influences came into play, which struck at the very root of literary development—the Scottish tongue itself.

In perusing Dunbar and his contemporaries, the reader cannot fail to be struck by the number of words and phrases borrowed from the French. The ancient feud with England, which had raged during so many centuries, had had the double effect of strengthening the ties of nationality in Scotland, and of driving the latter kingdom into closer alliance with France; and the social intercourse, which was the outcome of this political connection, inevitably left its mark upon the Scottish tongue. The result of the Scottish Reformation was exactly to reverse this state of things. Its leaders were the "English Party;" men who, for the furtherance of their schemes, depended above all things on an alliance with England, and looked far more to the favour of Henry and Elizabeth than to that of their own sovereign. John Knox, its moving spirit, addressing the English public quite as much as his own countrymen, wrote his works, certainly not in English, but in something as near that language as a man who had been accustomed all his life to write and speak vernacular Scots could manage to produce. And his example became doubly contagious when, after the union of the crowns—an event greatly facilitated by the Scottish Reformation—a flood of English influence poured into the country, leavening the whole of Scottish literature. The circulation of the Bible in an English version—affecting as it did the very speech of the peasantry—contributed powerfully towards this end; and the outcome was the production of a dialect which tended every day to become more and more Anglicized, and more remote from the old Scottish tongue.

What literature as a whole has forfeited by this process, it

would doubtless be difficult to estimate ; but the loss to Scottish song was incomparable. The hour of deliverance came at last, and the Scottish Muse rose from the frozen sepulchre to which Puritanism had condemned her for so many ages ; but the new enchantress was, in many ways, widely different from the old. Her speech was simpler and more homely than that "large utterance of the early gods ;" it was more intelligible to a generation whose literary tradition had become hopelessly disconnected ; but what it had gained in artlessness and pathos it had lost in harmony and width of compass, in dignity and artistic power. The notes of that great school of Scottish poets of whom Scott and Montgomerie were the last, and Dunbar the most illustrious, were the swan-song of the old vernacular literature. The tradition did indeed, to a certain extent, live on in the ballads of the people ; for the well-spring of popular song utterly declined to be choked up by the most energetic of Puritan divines ; and burst out, from time to time, in such immortal masterpieces as "Waly, waly," and "Edom o' Gordon." To the influence of these old ballads the glorious resurrection of Scottish poetry, in the pages of Burns, is in great measure due ; but who can say what that revival might not have been, if the greatest of modern Scottish poets had drawn his inspiration from a wider knowledge of those old "Makars," of whom he was the worthy successor, but with whom his acquaintance was so woefully incomplete ? It is no detraction from his merits, and most assuredly it is no slight to the English Muse, to deplore the loss of a tongue which had done so much to enrich Scottish literature, and from which our English speech might perhaps have borrowed elements which could not have failed to add to its power as a literary organ. But above all, as Catholics, we must lament that complete break with the traditions of the past which was involved in the oblivion which overwhelmed the old Scottish "Makars," and changed the very structure of their tongue. No nation can sacrifice historical continuity, either in life or literature, without grievous loss and injury. Had not the flood of Protestant prejudice engulfed so many of the ancient writers, it would have been impossible for the public mind to be misled by those ignorant misrepresentations of Catholicism, which were long peculiarly current in Scotland, and have such an extraordinary effect on the Catholic reader. And as it is a comfort to him to see the tide of foolish hostility at last upon the wane ; so he cannot but

rejoice to know that the old poets, born of those "dark ages," which were, in truth, the most glorious period of Scottish history, are at length to receive their due meed of honour; and that posterity, after two centuries of oblivion, will verify the proud boast of Dunbar:

And thocht that I, amang the laif,
Unworthy be ane place to have,
Or in thair nummer to be tald,
Als lang in mynd my wark soll hald!
Als haill in every circumstance,
In forme, in mater, and substance,
But wering, or consumptioun,
Roust, cankar, or corruptioun,
As ony of thair werkis all,
Suppois that my rewarde be small!

T. ELLIOT RANKEN.

"Father Prout."

THOSE amongst us who, as Thackeray expresses it, sit in Time's chariot with their backs to the horses and their faces to the past, as they travel backwards can easily discern among the wits and worthies of the first half of the last century the quaint figure of Francis Sylvester Mahony, known to the world of letters as "Father Prout." This variously gifted and very learned man was remarkable, even in that epoch of remarkable men, for ripe scholarship, learned fun, mocking wit, caustic humour, and a versatility of accomplishment that stamps him as one of the most original geniuses of his time. Perhaps he is best described as a combination of Voltaire and Rabelais, purified in the alembic of a refined and religion-respecting mind. The *Prout Papers*, full as they are of humour, epigram, ballad, translation, satire, and classic allusion, testify to the fecundity of his genius and his power of facile and felicitous utterance, and show that his conception of letters was a higher one than that of merely writing to provide amusement. The *risus ineptus* found no favour with him. He made pleasantry very often the vehicle of instruction; in the Horatian spirit conveying truth in a laughing way. Diversion with him was a secondary consideration designed to refresh the reader, and make him rise from the perusal of a *Prout Paper* in a good humour. The striking feature of these papers is their originality. There is nothing like them in literature. There is discernible throughout a mischief-loving propensity that may not inaptly be compared to practical joking, which is a fundamental characteristic of the Irish people, and would have sufficiently indicated the author's nationality had he not proclaimed it in his own inimitable way, when he described himself as "an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt." There is nothing, however, in his writings that in any way suggests the typical Irish humorist. Appreciation of him demands considerable literary culture, whereas Irish humour, broadly

speaking, is by no means *cavare* to the general. Its reputation is high and wide and brilliant—is, indeed, a proverb—and yet it is not easy to say exactly what constitutes Irish humour; it cannot readily be brought within the limits of a definition. One of its characteristics is a lambent satire with a *soufflé* of genial malice reminding us of the writings of some French humorists. In Molière, for instance, we have much that suggests the Irish *esprit*. Indeed, Irish humour in some respects more closely resembles the French than is commonly supposed, and the *genre* of which "Father Prout" is the typical example, has much of its subtlety and incisiveness. To many he is probably known only by his immortal lyric, "The Shandon Bells," but to those who love the classics the *Reliques* must always prove an inexhaustible store of entertainment.

This man, who thought in Latin and wrote it with Horatian ease, whose French was so idiomatic as to deceive a Frenchman, was born of middle-class parents in Cork one hundred years ago, just at the time that his future fast friend and fellow-magazinist, Maginn, then in his tenth year, had entered Trinity College, Dublin. Destined by his family for the priesthood, Mahony in deference to their wishes pursued his ecclesiastical studies notwithstanding that his teachers early discovered and pointed out to him that he had really no vocation. The inevitable result followed. Almost immediately after his ordination he realized that they were right and he was wrong in not listening to them. He soon refrained from active participation in priestly offices, but "once a priest always a priest," and he remained true to this tenet to the end. Never did he allow himself to indulge in levity at the expense of his Church, nor would he countenance anything of the kind in others. One of his most brilliant essays is that entitled Literature and the Jesuits, which was his expression of the gratitude which, as Cicero reminds us, noble minds feel towards their early instructors, and the Jesuits, he is careful to tell us, were the teachers who drilled his infant mind, and formed with plastic power whatever good or valuable quality it possessed.

The solid learning he had acquired in his training to be a Jesuit combined with his native Irish wit and sense of humour gave a unique and inimitable flavour to everything he wrote. He delighted, as he tells us, in "chewing the cud of classic fancies," and for this reason and because of the wealth of Greek and Latin scattered through his writings, some scholarship is

needed in those who would enjoy them to the full. Whether describing an apocryphal carousal on Watergrasshill, or roasting Tom Moore, giving us exquisite appreciations of Béranger, Victor Hugo, and Petrarch, or taking us rapidly over the vast field of literature and science cultivated by the Jesuits, or laughing slyly at the pretensions to omniscience of Doctor Dionysius Lardner,¹ the Cabinet Cyclopædist, he is always vastly entertaining, frequently amusing, not seldom instructive :

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous.

The consummate ease with which he embellished even insignificant subjects by reference to historical anecdote and classic allusion, with never a suspicion of pedantry, is delightful.

Being possessed of independent means he settled in London and amused himself by writing for the magazines. His friendship with Maginn drew him into *Fraser's Magazine*, then at the zenith of its fame, although barely four years in existence, and for three years scarcely a number appeared without a paper from the imaginary "chest" of Father Prout, the defunct parish priest of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, the disguise in which it suited his humour to give to the world the produce of his eccentric genius. "Many folks," he says, "like to write anonymously, others posthumously, others under an assumed name; and for each of these methods of conveying thought to our fellow-men there may be assigned sundry solid reasons." The only reason that I can assign for the method adopted by Mahony is the same as that given by Shylock for inexorably demanding his pound of flesh—it was his humour.

These papers at once established Mahony as a personage in the literary world, and brought him into intimate relations with

¹ One of the most laughable songs in the *Reliques* is the "Dinner of Dionysius," in which "Prout" makes fun of Lardner and the dinner that he gave to Béranger in the hope that the poet would write a commendatory poem about his *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Here is a verse (Béranger sings) :

He pressed me to dine, and he placed on my head
An appropriate garland of poppies ;
And, lo ! from the ceiling there hung by a thread
A bale of unsaleable copies.
"Puff my writings," he cried ; "or your skull shall be crushed!"
"That I cannot," I answered, with honesty flushed.
"Be your name Dionysius or Thady, ah !
Old Denis, my boy, though I were to enjoy
But one glass and one song, still one laugh, loud and long,
I should have at your Cyclopædia."

the celebrities of the time. To the *salon* of Mrs. Jameson in Rome he was a frequent visitor. Dickens and Thackeray were his friends. It was genuine literary *camaraderie* that united Thackeray and Mahony; and tender memories held them together. When Mahony was in Paris¹ it was a holiday for him when a few lines from Thackeray announced that he was in the Place Vendôme once again; and when, in 1863, Thackeray died, Mahony wrote to a common friend: "I have no heart to write articles; I can only dwell on the long and varied memories of over thirty years." Mahony, like Thackeray, had the tender heart of a really fine nature, but he hated all show of sentiment, sometimes carrying this to the verge of brusqueness. It was in this spirit that he maintained that the "Bells of Shandon" should be sung fortissimo. This beautiful and pathetic lyric was introduced by "Prout" in the simplest manner at the close of the very witty and remarkable paper, "The Rogueries of Tom Moore," which shows him in his most malicious mood. The fun of this paper, of course, consisted in boldly accusing Moore of passing off as his own, translations from French, Latin, and Greek originals, the world-famed "Irish Melodies." This paper, combined with the lacerating he received for his article on "O'Brien's Round Towers of Ireland," proved exceedingly galling to the sensitive vanity of the little poet. The felicity with which "Tam's" creations were made to appear translations was delightful, and hugely relished by the "Fraserians," as was the gibe at the poet's inches, "Talking of Tom Moore is but small talk." The "Fraserians" created and revelled in an atmosphere that was lively, learned, and libellous; the latter element, however, was mainly attributable to Maginn, from whose pen pungent personalities flowed with a freedom that sometimes startled even Mahony, who was by no means squeamish. He did not hesitate to characterize the *Edinburgh Review* (in which Moore's strictures on Henry O'Brien appeared) as "that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage," and Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia* as "a clumsy machine grinding out the nonsense he calls 'Useful Knowledge';" Moore's *Anacreon* was pronounced "sad rubbish," and, it was added, "when the fashion of drinking 'gooseberry champagne' shall have passed away, future ages will be able to form a notion of that once celebrated beverage from his poetry. There

¹ With the exception of one or two intervals, Mahony resided in Paris from 1848 until his death there on May 18, 1866.

it is, crystallized for posterity." In the paper on "Literature and the Jesuits" already mentioned, he refers to the fact that he had "a thorough knowledge of his subject; a matter of rare occurrence with writers, and therefore quite refreshing." He then proceeds to explain how the paper came to be written. It was through Robertson's having gone out of his way, in writing his *History of Charles V.*, to introduce his theories on the origin, development, and organization of that Society, a subject about which he was profoundly ignorant. "The more ignorance, the more audacity," he adds, and having rebuked the professor, he tells us :

I dwell on this topic *con amore*, because of my personal feelings of attachment to the instructors of my youth. That Society whose members possess an unrivalled knowledge of human nature—ken with intuitive glance all the secrets of men's hearts—control the passions—gain ascendancy by sheer intellect over mankind—civilize the savage—furnish missionaries to the Indian and American hemisphere, as well as professors to the Universities of Europe. . . . Forth from their new College of Laflèche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics, and start new and unexampled inquiries. Science until then had wandered a captive in the labyrinth of the schools; but the Cartesian Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and for her and boldly soared among the clouds. Tutored in their College of Fayenza (near Rimini), the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his intelligent instructors by the invention of the *barometer*, A.D. 1620. Of the education of Tasso they may well be proud. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did good service to the cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of the commentators and the grammarians. Soon after, Cassini rose from the benches of their tuition to preside over the newly-established *Observatoire* in the metropolis; while the illustrious Tournefort issued from their halls to carry a searching scrutiny into the department of botanical science, then in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher meantime astonished his contemporaries by his untiring energy and sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime as in its trifling efforts, whether he predicted with precision the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything the magic-lantern. Father Boscovich shone subsequently with equal lustre: and it was a novel scene, in 1759, to find a London Royal Society¹ preparing to send out a *Jesuit* to observe the transit of Venus in California. His panegyric, from the pen of the great Lalande, fills the *Journal des Savants*, February, 1792. . . . Forth from their College at Dijon, came Bossuet. . . . Meantime the tragic

¹ He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, London, in 1760; and to that society he dedicated his poem on the "Eclipses," a clever manual of astronomy.

muse of Corneille was cradled in their College of Rouen ; and under the classic guidance of the Fathers who taught at the *Collège de Clermont* in Paris, Molière grew up to be the most exquisite of comic writers. The lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their College of Louis le Grand.⁶ And in that College the wondrous talent of young François Arouet was also cultivated by those holy men, who little dreamt to what purpose the subsequent Voltaire would convert his abilities. D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars. For the bar, they tutored the illustrious Lamoignon (the Mæcenas of Racine and Boileau). It was they who taught the vigorous ideas of D'Argenson how to shoot ; they who breathed into the young Montesquieu his *esprit* ; they who reared those ornaments of French jurisprudence, Nicolai, Molé, Seguier, and Amelot. . . . Who can pretend to the character of a literary man that has not read Tiraboschi and his *Storia della Letteratura d'Italia* ; Bouhours on the *Mannière de bien penser* ; Brumoy on the *Théâtre des Grecs* ; Yavassour, *de Ludicrâ Dictione* ; Rapin's poem on the *Art of Gardening* (the model of those by Dr. Darwin and Abbé Delille) ; Vanière's *Prædium Rusticum* ; Tursellin's *de Particulis Latini Sermonis* ; and Casimir Sarbiev's Latin Odes, the nearest approach to Horace in modern times.

True to his resolve never to terminate a paper in serious mood, he closes his lengthy and learned survey by "an effort to bring before the English public the best specimen of graceful and harmless humour in the literature of France." This is the *Vert-vert* of Gresset, which in Mahony's English version is worthy to rank with the best of the Ingoldsby Legends.

Equally recondite knowledge and wide reading characterized his "Apology for Lent," which was his first paper in *Fraser's Magazine*. In it he tells us :

Lent is an institution which should have been long since rescued from the cobwebs of theology, and restored to the domain of the political economist, for there is no prospect of arguing the matter in a fair spirit among conflicting divines ; and of all things, polemics are the most stale and unprofitable. Loaves and fishes have, in all ages of the Church, had charms for us of the cloth ; yet how few would confine their frugal bill of fare to mere loaves and fishes ! So far Lent may be considered a stumbling-block. But here I dismiss theology ; nor shall I further trespass on your patience by angling for arguments in the muddy stream of Church history, as it rolls its troubled waters over the middle ages.

He then proceeds to demonstrate how the value of periodical days of self-denial and abstemiousness has been appreciated by cultivated people from the days of the Athenians, but before doing so he observes :

It is a vulgar error to connect valour with roast beef, or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such association ; and I wonder this national mistake has not been duly noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his *Book of Fallacies*. As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, faring on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks ; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue¹ who fled from the battle of Philippi, and, as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him : *Relicta non bene parmula.*

The fund of information, the wealth of illustration, and the unfailing humour with which the Lenten *vindiciae* is enriched, are, as Dominie Samson would say, prodigious.

An attempt to analyze the probable causes of Dean Swift's madness was productive of an absorbingly interesting paper which must always puzzle readers as to the precise limits where sober reason ends and the play of fancy begins ; but it embodies a grand tribute to the genius of the prince of satirists, for whom Mahony, in common with every true lover of literature, had an unstinted admiration. His admiration for the genius of Swift's biographer, Sir Walter Scott, was equally sincere and discriminating :

What a host of personages does his name conjure up ! What mighty shades mingle in the throng of attendant heroes that wait his bidding and form his appropriate retinue ! Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Montrose ; Saladin, Front de Bœuf, and Cœur de Lion ; Rob Roy, Robin Hood, and Marmion ; those who fell at Culloden and Flodden Field, and those who won the day at Bannockburn—all start up at the presence of the Enchanter. . . . Nor are Scott's merits those simply of a pleasing novelist or a spirit-stirring poet ; his *Life of Dryden*, his valuable commentaries on Swift, his researches in the dark domain of demonology, his biography of Napoleon, and the sterling views of European policy developed in *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—all contribute to enhance his literary pre-eminence. Rightly has Silius Italicus depicted the Carthaginian hero surrounded even in solitude by a thousand recollections of well-earned renown—

Nec creditis inermem
Quem mihi tot cinxere duces : si admoveris ora,
Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos Romanaque busta,
Et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis umbram !

¹ Horace, to wit.

Yet, greatly and deservedly as he is prized by his contemporaries, future ages will value him even more; and his laurel, ever extending its branches, and growing in secret like the "fame of Marcellus,"¹ will overshadow the earth. Posterity will canonize his every relic; and his footsteps will be one day traced and sought for by the admirers of genius. For, notwithstanding the breadth and brilliancy of effect with which he waved the torch of mind while living, far purer and more serene will be the lamp that shall glimmer in his tomb and keep vigil over his hallowed ashes; to that fount of inspiration other and minor spirits, eager to career through the same orbit of glory, will recur, and

In their golden urns draw light.

Nor do I merely look on him as a writer who, by the blandishment of his narrative and the witchery of his style, has calmed more sorrow, and caused more happy hours to flow, than any save a higher and a holier page—a writer who, like the autumnal meteor of his own North, has illumined the dull horizon of these latter days with a fancy ever varied and radiant with joyfulness—one who, for useful purposes, has interwoven the plain warp of history with the many-coloured web of his own romantic loom; but further do I hail in him the genius who has rendered good and true service to the cause of mankind by driving forth from the temple of Religion, with sarcasm's knotted lash, that canting puritanic tribe who would obliterate from the book of life every earthly enjoyment and change all its paths of peace into walks of bitterness. I honour him for his efforts to demolish the pestilent influence of a sour and sulky system that would interpose itself between the gospel sun and the world—that retains no heat, imbibes no light and transmits none; but flings its broad, cold, and disastrous shadow over the land that is cursed with its visitation.

If this panegyric and prophecy appear obvious to-day it should be remembered that it was penned seventy years ago, two years after Scott's death, when only a true critic could discern his real greatness without the guiding light of Time to help him. Love for Scott was one of the many things in which Mahony and Thackeray found themselves in agreement. Thackeray, indeed, almost revered him, and reproved someone who had cited his example for something by saying: "I do not think that it becomes either you or me to speak of Sir Walter Scott as if we were his equals. Such men as you or I should take off our hats at the very mention of his name." How many of those who have laboriously tried to follow in his footsteps will be read seventy years hence?

Mahony's favourite amusement, translation (his skill in which

¹ A Horatian and a Pindaric reminiscence.

Tom Moore had reason to remember), was pursued in a large field. The poets of Italy and France were always favourites with him; and while indulging in this refined and delicate pastime he has given us some truly exquisite gems. Here, for instance, is a verse from a beautiful ballad selected from Millevoye, a young poet who died when full of promise, in early life :

Mais quand vous verrez la cascade
S'ombrager de sombres rameaux,
Vous direz "Le jeune malade
Est délivré de tous ses maux."
Alors revenez sur cette rive,
Chanter la complainte naïve,
Et quand tintera le beffroi,
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

When leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and woe he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone :
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

Simple and unaffected as the original, Mahony's felicity in interpreting the spirit as well as the letter is admirable. Here is a quatrain from the same poet's *La Chute des Feuilles*—“The Fall of the Leaves : ”

Tombe ! tombe, feuille éphémère !
Couvre, hélas ! ce triste chemin !
Cache au désespoir de ma mère
La place où je serai demain !

Fall ! fall, O transitory leaf !
And cover well this path of sorrow ;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-morrow.

Although many of the pieces he selected for turning into English are attuned to sad harmonies, and touch the note of sorrow, others are in lighter vein.

In a work entitled *De l'origine des Cultes*, Dupuis, the author, was assured by a poet that he had at last drawn up Truth from the bottom of the well to which the ancients had consigned her : here is “Prout's” epigram :

Vous avez bien mérité
De la patrie, Sire Dupuis :
Vous avez tiré la vérité
Du puits !

Truth in a well was said to dwell,
From whence no art could pluck it ;
But now 'tis known, raised by the loan
Of thy philosophic bucket.

“The workings of an Irish mind unfettered by conscientious scruples on the threshold of eternity,” is Mahony's description of a famous ballad, “The Night before Larry was stretched,” by the equally famous Rev. Robert Burrows, Dean of St. Finnbarri's Cathedral, Cork. Too long for quotation, the French version *par l'Abbé de Prout, Curé du Mont-aux-Cressons, près de Cork*, gives an excellent idea of the “argot” of the original. Béranger, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, and De Segur are amongst

those poets whose verses he loved to translate, because, as he said, he found them the source of much enjoyment, much mental luxury, much intellectual revelry.¹

No less well read in Italian literature, with which his early and long residence in Rome enabled him to become thoroughly familiar, he had an especial partiality for Petrarch because he belonged to his "order," was Archdeacon of Parma, and wrote some theological treatises, "which, however," says Mahony, "are doomed to lurk amid cobwebs in the monastic libraries of the Continent, while his exquisite outpourings of soul and harmony have filled all Europe with rapture." He tells us how long before he had crossed the Alps he had been an admirer of Petrarch, whose *canzoni* he pronounces the most exquisite of his productions, far surpassing in harmony and poetic merit the *sonetti*, and the model and perfection of the species of song of which the burden is love. Here is a verse from Petrarch's "Address to the Summer Haunt of Laura," which will afford an idea of how he thought such translating should be done :

S'egl è pur mio destino,
E'l cielo in ciò s'adopra,
Ch'amor quest'occhi lagrimand chiuda ;
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
E torni l'alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
La morte fis men cruda,
Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbio passo :
Che lo spirito lasso
Non potra mai in più riposato porto,
Nè 'n più tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata e l'ossa.

If soon my earthly woes
Must slumber in the tomb,
And if my life's sad doom
Must so in sorrow close !
Where yonder willow grows,
Close by the margin lay
My cold and lifeless clay,
That unrequited love may find repose !
Seek thou thy native realm,
My Soul ! and when the fear
Of dissolution near,
And doubts shall overwhelm,
A ray of comfort round
My dying couch shall hover,
If some kind hand will cover
My miserable bones in yonder hallowed
ground !

It is not too much to say that the tenderness, the fervour, and the glow of the original, have not been lost in the English, which as a vehicle for conveying Italian poetry is always found to be painfully inadequate.

In striking contrast to the exquisite polish of the first of

¹ In this connection it is very amusing to note that three or four years ago someone wrote to the *Spectator* to point out that the "Burial of Sir John Moore," written in 1818, was but a copy of a much earlier French poem "Les Funeraillies de Beau-manoir," this being "Father Prout's" wonderfully idiomatic translation of Charles Wolfe's immortal poem.

Italian laureates, whom in more serious mood he undertook to translate, the simplicity of this little rustic lay is charming :

Son povera ragazza,
E cerco di marito :
Se trovo buon partito,
Mi voglio maritar.
Ma chi sa ?
Chi lo sa ?
Io cerco di marito
Se lo posso ritrovar ?

Io faccio la sartora,
Questo è il mio mestiero ;
Vi dico si davvero
E so ben travagliar.
Ma chi sa ?
Chi lo sa ?
Io cerco di marito,
Se lo posso ritrovar ?

Già d'anni vinticinque
Mi trovo così sola,
Vi giuro e do parola
Mi sento alfin mancar.
Ma chi sa ?
Chi lo sa ?
Io cerco di marito,
Se lo posso ritrovar ?

Husbands, they tell me, gold hath won
More than aught else beside :
Gold I have none ; can I find one
To take me for his bride ?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day ?

I can embroider, I can sew—
A husband I could aid ;
I have no dowry to bestow—
Must I remain a maid ?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day ?

A simple maid I've been too long—
A husband I would find ;
But then to ask—no !—that were wrong ;
So I must be resigned :
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day ?

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus interpres, says Horace. It will be seen that Mahony was no mere translator content with the cold and lifeless form of the original ; his endeavour was to get the spirit which the author had infused into his verse, and this, combined with the consciousness of difficulty overcome which successful rhyme affords, gave him the keenest intellectual pleasure. "The problem of translation," says Newman, "almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed, and the chief question is what is the least sacrifice?" How Mahony answered that question when he turned to translate Horace we shall now see, for, as a scholar and a man of letters, he, of course, could not refrain from attempting the impossible and fascinating task of trying to solve the Horatian secret. He had, as will have been seen, many qualifications to justify the attempt : correct scholarship, natural poetical gifts, and such a love for the prince of all lyric poets, that he had the odes by heart. He might be said almost to live with him, and this gives us the note of his translations—easy familiarity. Book i. Ode xi. "Ad Leuconoen," verse 3, is rendered thus :

Let Wisdom fill the cup ;—
Vain hopes of lengthened days and years felicitous
Folly may treasure up ;
Ours be the day that passeth—unsolicitous
Of what the next may bring.
Time flieh as we sing !

Here are the second and third verses of the "Palinodia ad Tyndaridem."

Not Cybelè's most solemn rites,
Cymbals of brass and spells of magic ;
Apollo's priest, mid Delphic flights ;
Or Bacchanal, mid fierce delights,
Presents a scene more tragic
Than Anger, when it rules the soul.
Nor fire nor sword can then surmount her,
Nor the vex'd elements control,
Though Jove himself, from pole to pole,
Thundering rush down to the encounter.

He keeps close to his author in thus rendering the ode to Dellius, ii. 3 :

Thee, whether Pain assail
Or Pleasure pamper,
Dellius—whiche'er prevail—
Keep thou thy temper ;
Unwed to boisterous joys, that ne'er
Can save thee from the sepulchre ;

Death smites the slave to spleen,
Whose soul repineth,
And him who on the green,
Calm sage, reclineth,
Keeping—from grief's intrusion far—
Blithe holiday with festal jar.

Where giant fir, sunproof,
With poplar blendeth,
And high o'erhead a roof
Of boughs extendeth ;
While onward runs the crooked rill,
Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

Bring wine, here, on the grass !
Bring perfumes hither !
Bring roses—which, alas !

Too quickly wither—
Ere of our days the springtide ebb,
While the dark sisters weave our web.

Soon—should the fatal shear
Cut life's frail fibre—
Broad lands, sweet Villa near
The yellow Tiber,
With all thy chattels rich and rare,
Must travel to a thankless heir.

Be thou, the nobly born,
Spoil'd child of Fortune—
Be thou the wretch forlorn,
Whom wants importune—
By sufferance thou art here at most
Till death shall claim his holocaust.

All to the same dark bourne
Plod on together—
Lots from the same dread urn
Leap forth—and, whether
Ours be the first or last, Hell's wave
Yawns for the exiles of the grave.

But he may be said to triumph in this echo of the ode to Thaliarchus, i. 9 :

See how the winter blanches
Soracte's giant brow !
Hear how the forest branches
Groan for the weight of snow !
While the fix'd ice impanels
Rivers within their channels.

Enjoy, without foreboding,
Life as the moments run ;
Away with Care corroding,
Youth of my soul ! nor shun
Love, for whose smile thou'rt suited ;
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

Out with the frost ! expel her !
 Pile up the fuel-block,
 And from thy hoary cellar
 Produce a Sabine crock :
 O Thaliarch ! remember
 It count a fourth December.

Give to the gods the guidance
 Of earth's arrangements. List !
 The blasts at their high biddance
 From the vex'd deep desist,
 Nor mid the cypress riot ;
 And the old elms are quiet.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it ;
 Follow the field, the camp,
 Each manly sport, till twilight
 Brings on the vesper-lamp ;
 Then let thy loved one lisp her
 Fond feelings in a whisper,

Or in a nook hide furtive,
 Till by her laugh betrayed,
 And drawn, with struggle sportive,
 Forth from her ambuscade ;
 Bracelet or ring th' offender
 In forfeit sweet shrender !

Surely that represents the point of perfection in Horatian translation. As none could bend the bow of Ulysses so, in general, Mahony, wisely refraining from mere textual fidelity, gave out of his own poetic treasury lyrics which while lacking the Horatian bouquet have a flavour of their own, with a charming variety of rhyme and measure.

His rival at this sport of translation was his friend Maginn, who was in an even greater degree a wonder of vast erudition in diverse fields of knowledge: politics, history, poetry, and philosophy. Too learned for mere pedantry, they saved themselves from that folly by playing with the classics, using them to spice the insipid repast of life.

After Maginn's death in 1842, Mahony gradually drifted away from *Fraser's Magazine*, and wrote for *Bentley's Miscellany*, to please Dickens, who was then editing it. In the same good-natured way he consented to act as Roman Correspondent for the *Daily News* when the novelist became its editor, in 1846. Mahony, in his erratic way, had wandered from Paris to Italy, and sought out his old haunts in Rome.¹ Strolling across the Milvian Bridge one day in the spring of 1845 he met Dickens, who had come with his family for the Carnival, and who was full of the project of the new paper. It was no trouble to Mahony to do what Dickens asked him, and the readers of the Liberal organ had the benefit of the views on Roman affairs of "Don Jeremy Savonarola," the *nom de guerre* which Mahony chose to assume. Six months of the editorship decided Dickens to relinquish the burden for which he was in no way suited, and Mahony was soon back in Paris again, and writing for the

¹ In much the same spirit in which Matthew Arnold apostrophized Oxford thirty-five years later, did Mahony apostrophize Rome in 1830. "O Rome ! how much better and more profitable do I feel it to dwell in spirit, amid the ruins of thy monumental soil, than corporeally to reside in the most brilliant of modern capitals."

Globe (in which he held shares), the organ of the Whigs, which, however, subsequently became, and has since remained, a Conservative journal. Strangely enough, its change of policy synchronized with Mahony's death in 1866, just three years after Thackeray, whose loss he had so keenly felt. Mahony's political prejudices were never very deep-seated ; he was loyal to "Regina"¹ for four years, and she always reserved her sweetest smiles for the Tories. Literature was the mistress to whom he remained constant all through life ; and as she only yields her greatest charms to those who come to her richly gifted, it is one of Mahony's claims on our regard that he has made some of her beauties known to those who may be less finely favoured by fortune. If an author can hardly hope to enter the Temple of Fame he may reach the portals linked with those whose place within is high up among the Immortals.

P. A. SILLARD.

¹ *Fraser's.*

Practical v. Pure Reason.

A FREE THINKER'S REFLECTIONS.

(Communicated.)

Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL, in his *Riddle of the Universe* (cheap reprints), in no very complimentary reference to a deservedly respected classic, says :

First of all the "critical Kant" had convincingly proved that the three great central dogmas of metaphysics,—a personal God, free-will, and the immortal soul,—had no place whatever in the palace of pure reason, and that no rational proof could be found of their reality. Afterwards, however, the "dogmatic Kant" superimposed on this true crystal palace of *pure* reason, the glittering ideal castle in the air of *practical* reason in which three imposing church naves were designed for the accommodation of these three great mystic divinities. When they had been put out at the front door by rational knowledge, they returned by the back door under the guidance of irrational faith.

One would have thought a scientific evolutionist of Haeckel's undoubted acumen—especially in a work on *riddles*—would have recognized that Kant's *necessary* conclusion, viz., that "God, freedom, and immortality" in the light of "pure reason" are hallucinations, might for the sake of argument be even conceded, while yet it was emphatically denied that any state or country could possibly be rationally or practically governed without such hallucinations. The superior Rationalist may pooh, pooh ! such emphasis ; but he will do well to remember that Voltaire—who was no friend of the clergy—very wisely said, "It cannot be doubted that, in an organized society, it is better to have even a bad religion than no religion at all."

Rationalists of the superior cult, like the stalwarts of

passive resistance, would do well to recall the fact that there are thousands of people in the world whose mental ability to penetrate what Pooh-Bah calls a "protoplasmal primordial atomic globule" varies considerably from their own. And these have an equal right to consideration when old-time usages and long-cherished postulates, which they have maintained at their own cost, are threatened by irresponsibly "advanced" and "progressive" destruction. The remedy, according to these learned wiseacres, is technological and Higher Grade Education. But as Helvetius says, "By education you can make bears dance, but never create a man of genius," and similarly the ex-Board-School Ethiopian will retain his skin and the Higher-Grade leopard his spots.

If God, under the Röntgen rays of modern scientists were incontestably shown to be nothing but, as Haeckel mockingly says, a "gaseous vertebrate," what would take the place of the present comfort thousands undoubtedly find in the orthodox belief amid this material existence? Their temperaments and emotions are such that a belief of this kind is absolutely necessary. That the advanced Rationalist finds no comfort in such "hallucinations" may be equally appreciated, but his declarations on platforms seem to illustrate a singular pattern of egotism rather than any intellectual consideration for others.

How could a country largely composed of pickpockets, admixers of colouring matter in foods, company promoters, passive resisters, manipulators of Secular Benevolent Societies, Kensit crusaders, and the like, be rationally controlled under a logical and literal belief in Anthony Collin's "Law of Necessity"? What ethical right would a number of men in blue, calling themselves officers of law and order, have to arrest and put under penalties some man who, through no fault of his own, happened to be found with his hand in another man's till? "Pure" justice, logically followed, could not punish one who when conceived had no choice of his proclivities, and later no control over the effect on the different stages of his evolution exercised by what Lombroso calls "atmospheric influence," and a *Times* writer "collective psychology." Followed up to the hilt, I venture to say, the "rational" believers in "pure" necessity would be among the first to agree with the Neo-Kantians, and would themselves urge a return to Kant "as the only possible salvation from the frightful jumble of modern metaphysics."

A belief in immortality—true or false—is just as necessary

for practical purposes. The objection to all these rationalistic systems lies chiefly, not in the holding of "pure" views *per se*, but in each one or collection of ones insisting, in and out of season, willy nilly, on others agreeing with them. As Victor Hugo says, "One citizen's liberty ends where another citizen's liberty begins."

In parenthesis, I should like to ask some advanced student of the Rational cult if he really believes the mental dissecting-room description of God—"a gaseous vertebrate"—would have inspired the writing and composing of "Lead Kindly Light"? Would a scientific knowledge of "embryonic psychogeny"—with its details of the "amphibia of the carboniferous period"—in any way help a musician to render the Dead March in *Saul* in all its grandeur and solemnity? Could Mascagni have composed the intermezzo in his *Cavalleria Rusticana*, or Batiste his *Elevation*, or E. H. Turpin his *Vesper Hymn* with variations, on Haeckel's "pure" theory of sound being a "mode of motion"? We have but to turn to the pages of Zola, whose ability to collect the realistic facts of humanity cannot, I think, be doubted, to realize the result of spreading "pure" facts. As a detail for the exclusive use of certain Rationalists, the alleged "pure" manipulation of a few thousand pounds and a certain Baskerville Hall, together with money subscribed to purchase Bradlaugh's favourite haunt the Hall of Science, might be contrasted with an article in THE MONTH¹ detailing the money spent by Catholics—whom Haeckel never wearies of abusing—on education. As Mr. J. P. Gilmour (of Glasgow), in his "Apology for resigning his office of Vice-President of the National Secular Society," says: "I try to be an honest man first, and a secularist afterwards. Perish party if it can only be maintained at the cost of individual self-respect and the very elements of common morality."

But the platform rationalist is not alone in his illogical and unscientific attitude. The anti-Ritualists and alleged emulators of primitive worship—which as a "pure" fact included the nudities of the Adamites and the "altogether" of the Anabaptists—are also suffering very badly just now, especially in Liverpool, from a platform outcry for "pure" treatment of religion. Any one with only a slight knowledge of the Science of Psychology must know that humanity is more or less, largely more, influenced by what the author of *Foundations of Belief*

¹ December, 1903.

calls "atmosphere." Hence in the artistically decorated and illuminated Roman and "high" churches—with their finely blended voices mingling in Gregorian chant—we find a more uniform expression of devoutness; and in the cold grey plain walls of the Dissenters' chapel—with its metallic music and feelingless voices, and the ministers' penchant for politics and non-ratepaying "modes of worship"—we find conditions, as Dr. Hunter says, "bare and inartistic, calculated to starve rather than nourish sentiment."

One would have thought the marked increase in the former membership in the one case, and the unmistakable decrease in alleged "purer" places of worship—as noted during a stroll through the leading thoroughfares and shady avenues of our cities and large towns on a Sunday night—would have convinced the modern "reformer" of the impracticability of "pure" and the practicability of what must by inference be im—"pure" worship, as a means to reach the masses. And this, be it remembered, has to be recorded after over thirty years of nonconforming "religious" instruction in our late Board Schools! Well may Professor Haeckel ask, "What stage in the attainment of truth have we actually arrived at in the closing year of the nineteenth century?"

E. HANNATH.

The Rood of St. Ninian's.

THE rays of the setting sun streamed brightly through the windows of the ancient Kirk of St. Ninian's, falling on the high altar and the great stone rood, still incomplete, which was destined to be its pride and glory. Master Robert Milne, master-mason and sculptor, drew back slowly, to cast a final loving glance upon his work. He was a devout and a kindly man, and the enlarging of St. Ninian's Church, on which he was now employed, had been to him truly a labour of love; but nearest of all to his heart lay the carved rood, for it embodied not merely the piety of the Christian, but the cherished dreams of the artist.

The work whereon Master Robert gazed was, however, as yet in a rude and unfinished state, far from satisfactory to its author. The figure itself was indeed complete; but the face of the Saviour, on which the artist would fain have expended all his skill, presented little more than a shadowy outline. The sculptor drew back once more and looked upon it, with an anxious shake of the head.

"'Tis not as it should be," he murmured. "Blessed Lord! is it that my hand has lost its cunning, or that because of my unworthiness I cannot read Thy face aright? Have mercy on me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

He sank on his knees upon the altar-steps and buried his face in his hands. Then, after a moment, he rose, and throwing one last look backwards at the crucifix, slowly quitted the church.

The sculptor walked back to his lodging through the drifting snow, with bent head, oblivious of everything but his own unquiet thoughts. Was it possible that this work, which for months had been the joy of his heart, was destined to become his bitterest disappointment? As he had knelt there on the altar-steps the vision of his whole life had passed before him; he had seen, as in a mirror, the entire chain of events which

had brought him, a man of humble birth, and still young, within a hair's-breadth of the highest summit of his ambition. He had seen himself once more a penniless fugitive, knocking at the doors of the Benedictine monastery, to seek refuge from the savage foes who had destroyed his father's house and ruthlessly slaughtered his kindred. It was many years ago since that terrible day, when the Ogilvies had raided his native glen, and wreaked their grudge against a feudal enemy upon his innocent vassals ; but he recollects it still, with a thrill of passionate grief and hatred which time had no power to dull. He could see, even now, Sir William Ogilvy's pitiless face, as he sat his horse outside the door and watched the slaughter ; and he remembered his murmured vow of vengeance on the oppressor, if Fate should ever deliver him into his hands. Then he beheld himself, wounded and bleeding, crawling away from the scene of the massacre, and finding shelter with the good Fathers, who had taught him all the book-learning he ever knew, had encouraged his bent towards peaceful arts, and had done their utmost to root out the fierce craving for vengeance which was the offspring of that age of violence and blood. Men who knew Master Robert's pious and simple nature sometimes wondered why he had not become a monk ; none but himself knew the true reason which had held him back from the cloister ; and even he shrank from looking his secret in the face, though he could not but be conscious of its existence. There were times when he almost forgot it, amidst the peaceful current of his life ; and then again a word or a look would bring back the past to his mind, and with it the wild hope which he had cherished in his boyhood that, somehow or other, God might make him the instrument of His wrath against the oppressor ; that at least he might one day behold the punishment of the man whose hands were red with the blood of his kindred.

But though to-day Master Robert's mind had gone astray among these images of the past, they did not long continue to beset it. His thoughts reverted speedily to the trouble which had so long perplexed them—to the carved rood, and his own unaccountable failure to embody in the stone the conception which haunted him, and each time, ere he could seize it, eluded his grasp. Again and again, in visions of the night, he had seemed to catch dim glimpses of his ideal ; but the next moment the apparition had always fled, leaving behind a

maddening sense of mockery and disappointment. Was his dream never to be realized? And was it indeed his weakness, or was it some accursed witchcraft, which thus mysteriously baffled all his hopes? Strive as he would, he could find no answer to the problem.

The dawn of the next day—it was Christmas Eve—found the sculptor again bending over his work. When the evening came on, he was still there; but a stranger, to see him, might have thought he was only at the beginning of his task. A dozen times at least he had held his breath in awe as the features of the Saviour, beneath his hand, seemed to take that divine semblance which had blessed his dreams; a dozen times he had thrown down the chisel in bitter disappointment, as the vision died away again, and the face of the image remained a mere rude outline.

A great despair seized upon Master Robert's soul; was it possible that the dream of his life was, after all, to find no fulfilment? Might it not well be that he was too weak, too unworthy, too sinful, to be permitted to attain to a vision which even angels could hardly deserve? His heart failed within him at the thought; he cast away his chisel, and sank down once more upon the altar-steps.

"O dear Lord!" he murmured, "draw aside the veil, I beseech Thee, which hides Thy face from my sight! If there be any secret sin of mine which makes me unworthy to behold Thee, in Thy mercy purge it, that I may show forth Thy glory!"

When Master Robert at length rose to his feet, a strange feeling of peace had come over him. Would his prayer be heard? he wondered. The struggle with his grief and despondency had left him very weary; but, though the sun was beginning to set, he would not go home yet. Perhaps some further light might be vouchsafed to him. He sat down near the altar, leaning his head upon his hand, while he gazed wistfully upon his unfinished work; and presently he fell asleep.

How long his slumber had lasted, the sculptor never exactly knew. It seemed to him but a very short time before he opened his eyes, to find the moonlight streaming through the great window, and falling on the steps of the sanctuary. Then he gave a great cry, and fell upon his knees; for there before him, framed in the silver moonbeams, was the Face which he had so often vainly longed to behold; but the look of divine

tenderness and pity which had haunted his dreams was replaced by one of stern and sorrowful reproach. Dumb and awestruck, Master Robert met that gaze; and as he looked it seemed to him that the Figure raised its hand slowly, and pointed down the dimly-lighted aisle. Then the vision suddenly faded, and the sculptor awoke from his dream with a start, to realize that he was lying on the floor of the church, and that the sound which had waked him was a loud knocking on the great door without.

Slowly Master Robert groped his way down the dusky aisle, over which the dawn was now beginning to shed a faint and glimmering light. Slowly he felt for the door, and, with hands still trembling with awe and wonder, threw it wide open. The sight that met his view drew from him a loud exclamation; for outside the threshold was the kneeling figure of a warrior. The blood dripped from his battered cuirass, and his hand clung convulsively to the doorpost, while he lifted to the sculptor's gaze a visage drawn as with mortal agony. The grey light fell full upon his features, and when Master Robert beheld them, he started back with a wild cry, for the face upturned to his was that of Sir William Ogilvy. There was no mistaking that dark, stern countenance, though the hair was grizzled now, and the eyes had lost their old fire, and were bent on him with a look of wild and piteous supplication. Nor could he fail to recognize the voice, hoarse and hollow though its accents were, which broke the stillness with the sudden, desperate cry—“Sanctuary! Sanctuary, for the love of God!”

The sculptor fell back, his brain whirling, and himself clutched at the doorway for support. God had heard his prayer then, and had given his enemy into his hand! Master Robert scarcely knew how he felt; he was only conscious that not for many years had he known anything like the fierce joy that surged up within him at the thought that the murderer of his kindred was now at last in his power. Meanwhile the sufferer without still continued his pleading.

“Let me in! In God's name, let me in, for my foes are on my heels! Who art thou, man, that lookest at me thus strangely? Methinks I have seen thy face before.”

Then Master Robert answered, in a voice which sounded strange to his own ears: “My lord, I am Robert Milne, of Slaines. Do ye remember the Eve of St. John, and the glen that ye raided with your men?”

Ogilvy started away from him, with a groan of rage and pain. "I know thee now!" he cried, hoarsely. "I might well have spared to ask thee for mercy! For God's sake, slay me now, and put me out of my pain!"

His head sank lower and lower, till he crouched, half swooning, at his adversary's feet. The sculptor looked down upon him, a fierce conflict raging within his heart. Was he to let this man, the murderer of all his kin, into the shelter of the sanctuary? He had but to pass him as he lay, and lock the great door behind him; and no further vengeance would be needed. Even if the pursuers did not find their victim, cold and exhaustion would soon do their work. He would be dead in a few hours; Master Robert would see his dead face there when he went, a little later, to resume his labour. Labour—what labour? The carving of the rood? Was he to carve the Face of his Divine Lord, with hands stained with his brother's blood—with hatred and murder in his heart? And the features which had so baffled him—with what aspect would they meet his gaze? With that which he had beheld in his dreams—or with that other awful look, before which his soul still trembled—that look which he could never forget, till he stood before the Throne of God? Would it be the Face of the Divine Consoler that would look upon him from the marble, or that of the Judge of all the earth?

Master Robert recoiled, with a stifled cry; it seemed to him as if the scales had fallen from his eyes. Was this the answer to his prayer for guidance—was this the meaning of that outstretched Hand? He moved blindly forward; while in his ears words were ringing which he had heard for many years, though now, for the first time, he realized their full significance.
Relinque ibi munus tuum ante altare, et vade prius reconciliari fratri tuo; et tunc veniens offeres munus tuum.

And William Ogilvy, awaking from his swoon, found pitying hands raising him from the ground, and a strong arm thrown around him, to guide his failing steps. He looked up in wonder, to see his foe bending over him. "My lord," said Master Robert solemnly, "enter, and have no fear; in the name of our Heavenly Father, I forgive you all your trespasses, as I hope He will forgive me, a sinful man!"

The sculptor supported the wounded man into the church, and laid him gently upon the altar-steps; and then he fell on his knees beside him.

"Blessed Lord!" he cried aloud, "I pray Thee to forgive this man his offences ; and forgive me, who have dared to touch that which is holy with unclean hands, and to bring a sinful heart into the service of the sanctuary. I have been an ill servant to Thee, Lord, and just it is that Thou shouldst hide Thy blessed Face from me on earth ; but turn it not from me, I beseech Thee, in the day when I stand before Thy Throne!"

He rose slowly from his knees, and went up to the man he had rescued. "My lord," he said gently, "as soon as the pursuit is past, ye shall come to my lodging, and I will tend you. Ye are wounded, and sore weary, and need rest and food."

Ogilvy did not answer for a moment ; and his enemy, looking in his face, saw that the grim warrior was weeping like a child.

The morning of the Nativity had come and gone ; and by the first rays of the rising sun Master Robert was again bending over his task. It was with a trembling hand that he wielded the chisel, for he hardly dared now to hope that he would ever behold the realization of his dream ; but a great joy filled his heart, for he felt that he had brought his Lord a better offering than the most precious tribute of his skill. Slowly he plied the chisel, holding his breath, from time to time, as he paused to gaze upon the image which his hand was bringing forth. At length the work was finished ; and, trembling with hope which he strove in vain to check, the sculptor cast his eyes upon his handiwork. But, as it met his gaze, he gave a great cry ; for there before him, looking down on him from the Cross, was the Face which he had beheld in his vision ; and the features wore that likeness which he had so long vainly sought, only more glorious —more divine, in its infinite tenderness and pity, than anything which he had ever conceived ; the likeness of Him who said : "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." And with a great burst of awe and rapture, Master Robert threw himself upon his knees ; and he gave thanks to Him who had granted him the desire of his heart.

For many a year the stone rood stood above the high altar of St. Ninian's ; but none save the sculptor ever knew the meaning of the inscription graven underneath : *Beati misericordes, quoniam ipsi misericordiam consequentur.*

The Way it was Done.

THE story had just reached its conclusion when Edith Somerville and Theodora Marchant were announced, and owing to the general chorus of applause with which it was greeted by her other guests, Mrs. Lumley failed to catch the name of her cousin's friend.

Theodora noticed this with complete indifference. "It matters very little what I am called during these struggling years of art-student life," she thought. "In the days to come when I have *made a name* I shall, of course, insist upon everyone who meets me being made aware of it."

Her hostess had long since attained that enviable position, and over more than one illustrated interview with the celebrated Mrs. Walter Lumley, Theodora had conjured up a future for herself in which the public would be interested in *her* house, *her* tastes, and *her* personal opinions.

Of the social gulf that lay between her hostess and herself no one could have been more sensitively aware. The contrast afforded by her own proud awkwardness and Mrs. Lumley's dignified condescension was very marked,—as marked, indeed, as the difference between the shabby lodgings she had just left and the beautiful drawing-room in which she now found herself.

"My ultimate goal," thought Theodora, settling into a deep arm-chair, and letting her eyes wander with satisfaction round the walls. In spite of her high expectations there was no sense of disappointment. Mrs. Lumley's discretion in the collecting of works of art had not been exaggerated.

Theodora envied Edith such a cousin. None of her own relations, she frequently complained, were interesting or talented, neither had they ever been of any use to her. She had always believed herself clever enough to hold her own amongst vastly more cultured people than those with whom early associations had thrown her. "The breaking away," as she described it, after

a time became inevitable. It was also, comparatively speaking, easy; finding her way into a higher circle proved the difficult task. She had almost despaired of ever getting acquainted with "the right people" when Edith Somerville's girlish infatuation opened out a simple way.

"They had taken to each other at first sight," Edith complacently observed, and Theodora's doubtful "Ye—es" concealed the mental reservation that there would have been no "taking" on her side, save for the celebrated cousin looming in the distance.

"I want to introduce you to Christina Lumley; you and she will have so very much in common, and you will meet everybody who is anybody at her house."

This was the bait which had rendered the long evening confidences and silly little morning shopping expeditions bearable; and on the strength of her forbearance Theodora became "my dearest friend" by the time Mrs. Lumley returned to London, and her cousin wrote to ask if she might bring her in to tea.

"This is the thin end of the wedge," thought Theodora. "I have no doubt about their liking me when once they know me. The only difficulty hitherto has been to get my foot inside their doors."

"But I expect one has to feel one's way gradually," she added, not finding herself so much at her ease as she expected in the new environment. "I must be a watcher, not a player, just at first." She pulled herself together and listened to the conversation going on around her.

"Dear lady, before we go you will let us see that miniature you were speaking of?" pleaded a tall, handsome woman, with a well-modulated voice.

"That is Lady Julia Stourton," whispered Edith, "art critic for the So and So Gazette," naming one of the best evening papers.

"Then a miniature that she wants to look at will be well worth my seeing," replied Theodora, as she rose and followed the distinguished lady.

"It is in my sacred corner," said Mrs. Lumley, leading the way to a polished walnut table, where velvet-bound, gold-clasped missals, valuable relic cases, pearl rosaries, and porphyry crucifixes caught Theodora's eye.

Their owner lingered over them lovingly, touching one or two, opening a book which had belonged to the Curé d'Ars,

telling the history of a holy water stoup which her son had rescued from a second-hand shop in Rome.

"But you are tantalizing us with this delay," remonstrated Lady Julia. Mrs. Lumley smiled.

"One moves slowly and reverently to the highest point. You must remember that I regard this miniature as the summit of eternal art."

Theodora leant forward, all eagerness for a glimpse of its contents as a Russian leather case was opened and handed to her ladyship.

It passed from one to another of the group who had gathered round.

"Quite marvellous!" said each in turn. "What a wonderful woman she must be!" "When one thinks of the way it was done!"

"Is it not indeed a treasure worth possessing?" said Mrs. Lumley, "the embodiment of every virtue."

"May I be permitted—" began a silver-haired, clean-shaved, benevolent-looking man, for whom everyone immediately made way.

"He's *somebody*," mentally observed Theodora; but in spite of that certainty, his name came as a great surprise.

"Mr. O'Sullivan! Of course!" his hostess exclaimed, going forward to meet him with the miniature. And Theodora studied with the deepest interest the famous Irish artist to whose portrait-painting she had long since given her whole-hearted admiration.

"This is what you were speaking of just now?" he asked.

"Yes, this is the specimen she has kindly sent me of her work."

For fully two minutes he gazed at it saying nothing; then, delivering it back, "I could kiss the hands of the heroic lady who painted that."

Such praise from him, thought Theodora, was indeed worth having. Would she ever be able to elicit anything like that for any work of hers? What could this miniature be of which everyone thought so extraordinarily well?

When at length it reached her she could hardly believe her eyes. It was only *Our Lady of Good Counsel*—a copy—a very inferior copy, she thought, of some cheap oleograph.

In the disappointment of that first glance she failed to notice the sweetness of the expression—the tender drawing of the mouths and eyes.

Why should Mrs. Lumley boast of the possession of such a thing? What did the world-famed portrait-painter mean by admiring it? "Compared with her I have done nothing—nothing," he was saying. "Would it be possible for me to obtain one of her miniatures, do you suppose?"

"Oh! I think so," said Mrs. Lumley. "I do not know; but surely if *you* asked."

Theodora stared in utter bewilderment. How could Mr. O'Sullivan actually want a little daub like that? Finding she was still holding it in her hand she passed it on to Edith hurriedly, and Edith catching sight of the gold frame and velvet-lined case broke into indiscriminate praise without a scruple.

"How perfectly lovely! It's really too sweet! I don't think I ever saw anything so beautifully done before!"

There was no response. Some of the ladies looked a little shocked. Only Mrs. Lumley, aware of her ignorance and her desire to please, smiled indulgently.

Edith saw that she had somehow failed to strike the right note, and helped herself back to harmony with the others by repeating their phrases: "Quite marvellous! She must be a wonderful woman! I mean the way it is done."

"Yes, the way it is done," her cousin hastened to assist her. "Of course *that* is what we all admire so very much."

"But how on earth *was* it done?" asked Theodora, directly she and Edith found themselves in the street.

"Oh! don't ask me. I'm all in the dark," said Edith, helplessly.

"So am I. After what they said, I expected something at least original—a study of a face called 'Symphony in green and gold,' or a landscape with red grass and purple trees—one of those bits of modern art that startle you and open out new possibilities; whilst here—"

"Any child might have done it?"

"Exactly."

"Perhaps it was—Somebody's grandchild. That would account for their raptures."

"But not for 'the wonderful woman.'"

"I forgot that. Then perhaps she's blind?"

"Or does it with her feet? But I am really vexed. I had flattered myself that if I could not yet paint *well*, at all events I never failed to recognize the real right thing; and here there

was too evidently some quality of which I could not even catch a glimpse."

"Never mind," said Edith, good-naturedly, "you liked the house?"

"Enormously. That fireplace and over-mantel in the hall were more delightful than anything that I have ever dreamed of. And do you say that Mrs. Lumley designed it all herself?"

"She did."

"How could the same woman who created these charmingly fantastic green hob-goblins also care to possess that little daub of a miniature?"

"Oh, never mind!"

"But I do mind—so much that I could sit down on the nearest doorstep and howl with rage. To be frustrated at my first start off into the real world of men and women—don't you see?"

"I only see, after a long experience of artists, that one can never be prepared for what extraordinarily hideous thing they will admire next."

"If this had been what you call 'extraordinarily hideous,'" said Theodora, "I should not have been surprised; on the contrary, then I feel sure that I should have admired it too. It is the infatuation of the great man for the abjectly commonplace that baffles me."

"O'Sullivan is a darling!" said Edith, irrelevantly. "Remember that you are coming with me to his private view on the 29th."

It would be difficult to describe Theodora's gratification at finding herself at last within the studio of the great man, whom for eight years she had been worshipping at a distance.

His studio was said to be the finest in London. His work was clever, strong, and above all, like himself, sincere. His admirers found him equally wonderful when from the far end of the room they studied his masses of colour and the breadth of his treatment, or when at closer quarters they examined the details of the picture and discovered the infinite care which he had expended on apparent trifles.

Theodore gazed around her, feasting her eyes. What interesting portraits they were! She seemed to feel herself in the presence of those great personalities: the society beauty, the famous soprano, the duchess and her children, the general,

a brother artist, a presentation portrait of an old master of fox-hounds on attaining his jubilee, enormous picture of the Prince of Wales, for some town hall in India. Measuring the canvases with a practised eye, she realized what work the covering of them meant. "The man's a giant!" she exclaimed. Then, watching her opportunity, she pounced upon a moment when he was disengaged to pour out to him her intense admiration; and encouraged by the kindness of his manner, she even went so far as to tell him, in exaggerated language, of the influence his portrait-painting had had upon her life—how from him came her first inspiration to work seriously—to offer all her homage at the shrine of Art.

He cut her short: "I want to show you something far better than any of these," drawing a leather case from his breast-pocket.

"Then you *were able to get one!*" exclaimed Mrs. Lumley, joining them.

To Theodora's dismay it proved to be "another of those extraordinarily common-place miniatures." This time the Good Shepherd and a lamb, but she recognized it at once by the faulty uneven touch, and the patchiness of the draperies. "No quality, no finish, what I should call hopelessly unconcentrated work," she thought, with difficulty smothering her annoyance and surprise.

"I have never in my life," said O'Sullivan, "done anything to equal that." And Theodora racked her brains to discover what he could possibly mean. She knew he was a Roman Catholic, and that he had never painted sacred pictures, but the fact seemed insufficient ground for a clue to his infatuation.

"What on earth *do* you mean?" she was on the verge of asking in her bluntest manner, but turned the question into "Who is it by?" to save herself from appearing so utterly at fault.

"It is by your mother, of course," replied he. "How proud you must be of her!"

"My mother died when I was three." There was pride in her voice, but a pride which in no way connected herself with the perpetrator of "the little daubs."

O'Sullivan, however, had not heard, his attention being claimed by a new arrival.

"Your step-mother," corrected Mrs. Lumley, "did you not know she was an artist?"

"I only knew that when my father met her she was copying some picture in the Louvre. I had no idea that she found time to keep up her painting now."

The remembrance of her father's second marriage, the bitterness of her jealousy—unreasonable as perhaps it seemed looking back across ten intervening years—her refusal to live at home, even to visit during the holidays, her application to the study of Art, all flashed before her in a moment,—long dormant thoughts awakened by the mere mention of her father's wife.

She had never seen her step-mother, never wanted to see her. "So young, so pretty, and so charming!" everyone had said. That only made it worse. "And so fond of Art; she will help you with your painting; you will be able to share a studio together." "No thanks!" had been Theodora's proud reply. She was not of a temper to share a studio with any one, let alone a step-mother; she boasted of never having yielded up her opinion about a pose for a model, or the arrangement of the light. Perhaps she had naturally a little of the artistic temperament; certainly she had done her best to cultivate it by giving way to moods: sometimes for weeks together recklessly, defiantly idle, at other times passionately absorbed in her work, going without her meals, and lying awake all night to overcome some difficulty in a composition.

"The world *shall* recognize my talent," had been her cry. To watch O'Sullivan take from his breast-pocket her step-mother's miniature, and show it to his illustrious guests, sent a pang of envy through her heart. What would she not have given to see him treasure and display some work of hers! And she noted how the French master to whom "the little daub" was handed seemed equally impressed. "We all thought very highly of her in Paris, years ago," he said, "but no one would have believed her capable of this! She shows indeed 'true quality,' as you say."

Theodora turned impatiently upon her heel. "Why does he like it so?" burst from her lips, before she knew to whom she spoke.

"Because of the way it is done," said Mrs. Lumley, quietly.

"I am afraid I shall never be able to admire that style of painting," returned Theodora, stiffly, and took her leave.

An hour later, in her own studio, before a large unfinished

canvas, she gave vent to her disappointment in a torrent of tears. What was the use of toiling day and night to get on if that was what the people who knew really wanted and admired? How vainly had she been exercising her mind to keep her picture together, scraping it out from top to bottom, and running down the whole thing day after day for the last six weeks? If working bit by bit was good enough, and patchiness no crime, her methods were only a needless waste of energy and paint. "Fool! fool! that I have been," she sobbed.

"I should not worry, dear, if I were you," said Edith, coming in later in the evening, when the mood had nearly worn itself away.

"But it *does* worry me—I can't understand."

"I don't think I ever do," said Edith, cheerfully. "In spite of Ruskin, I never could admire Giotto's 'Visitation,' or Cimabue's 'Madonna'; so why should you trouble over your step-mother's miniatures if they don't appeal to you?"

"One can't compare her two-penny ha'penny little daubs with the work of the old masters," said Theodora, pettishly.

"I thought Mr. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Lumley did! If you want an explanation, why not ask them? Or, if you are too proud, let me."

"Unless you see Mrs. Marchant at work, perhaps it *is* difficult to fully understand," was Mrs. Lumley's explanation upon being referred to.

"*That* I shall never do," said Theodora, throwing back her head and setting her lips into their hardest expression.

Towards the end of the year, however, she found herself pondering over the advisability of a reconciliation; and when the usual kindly Christmas invitation arrived, the intimation that her father's health—already broken as she knew—was thought less well of by the doctors, provided her with an excuse for accepting.

"Your father is feeling so extremely weak that he begs, if you can possibly contrive it, you will spare us at least a few days out of your vacation." Mrs. Marchant invariably wrote as though some other pressing duties claimed Theodora's time. There had never been a word of reproach in her letters, nor was there a hint of it in her manner of greeting, when, after nearly ten years of asking and refusing, she and her step-daughter at last stood face to face. The embarrassment was all on Theodora's side, and she endeavoured to hide it beneath a

volley of inquiries concerning the invalid; inquiries which scarcely seemed to need an answer, and to which Mrs. Marchant only offered one now and then, when an opportunity occurred of putting in a word. After half an hour's conversation, his daughter had gathered that Mr. Marchant might live for two months, or might live for several years—the doctors could give no decided opinion, chiefly advising that he should be kept happy and amused.

"He is resting now. We will go up presently, if you do not mind."

"Then in the meantime will you show me your studio?"

Theodora had resolved upon becoming humble in the matter of Art. All the way down in the train she had pondered over her determination to learn—as a little child—the secret of success, which it had been so forcibly borne in upon her that her step-mother possessed.

The request burst from her, almost before she was aware : "Will you show me your studio?"

Mrs. Marchant smiled. "But I have not got a studio!"

"Then where do you paint? I hear so much of your miniatures in town."

She blushed. "Oh! surely it is only Christina Lumley, and that kind old Mr. O'Sullivan, who care to have my little daubs?"

That was Theodora's own name for them! She felt the colour mounting to her own face too.

"They are all disconnected and patchy—just done in odd moments in your father's room.

"But of course he has a nurse?"

"No. He prefers to have me with him."

"Always?"

"Always," was the calm reply.

A light was breaking in on Theodora. Her father called, they went up to him, and in the presence of the invalid the perpetrator of "those little daubs" stood out more clearly still. Whilst Theodora sat beside his bed, holding his hand, and listening to all he had to say, her eyes took a rapid inventory of his surroundings. Her step-mother's painting-table attracted her particular attention, and she noted with surprise that more than one half of it was devoted to a large wicker cage, from which a pair of doves flew in and out at will. The hen, very tame and inoffensive, contented herself with sitting upon the edge of a tumbler of water and gently pecking at her mistress'

rose madder and aureoline ; the cock, with masculine intrepidity, made rapid flights across the room, intent upon taking for his perch the cork of a medicine bottle on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Marchant rose to remove the bottle.

"Wait a moment, love. Let us see if he can manage it," said the invalid. For one brief moment the dove did manage it, and then the bottle fell with a crash upon the hearthstone.

"Not the first time either," thought Theodora, observing the readiness with which a duster was forthcoming, the liquid wiped up, and the broken glass cleared away.

"I never could stand doves," she said aloud.

"Sometimes their cooing gets upon your father's nerves, and then I take them away, and he has 'Queenie' for a change," replied her step-mother.

"Show her 'Queenie,'" suggested the invalid ; "though I don't remember that you ever cared much for dogs, Theodora."

"I'm afraid not," said she, watching the toy Yorkshire terrier scratch at a cupboard door for biscuits. The barking for Lord Roberts and dying for the King, entirely failed to entertain her : the incessant opening and shutting of the balcony window to let "Queenie" yap at the dogs in the garden below, seemed to her monotonous and silly.

"She's as intelligent as a human being," remarked Mr. Marchant, complacently. "Now you watch her—she won't be quiet anywhere except on her mistress' lap."

Mrs. Marchant picked her up, and went on steadily with her painting, in spite of the fact that "Queenie's" nose seemed liable to rise and nudge her hand. After a few moments there was a false stroke. "Ah, my pet, that was a bad one!" escaped from her lips.

Mr. Marchant wanted to see. "What a pity!" said he ; "but not so bad as that time she licked it off altogether."

"Which one was that?" asked Theodora.

"The 'Mater Boni Consilii' that Mrs. Lumley had."

"Oh!" She guessed at last what that story must have been which she and Edith had missed on the day of her introduction. "Weren't you awfully vexed?" she asked.

"I was certainly sorry for the delay it caused—Mrs. Lumley had been waiting so long."

"All the best people in London buy her miniatures," put in the invalid ; "she sells them for the Nazareth House, you know, and can't supply the demand fast enough."

"Then why not at least get rid of the dog?" asked Theodora, bluntly.

"Oh! but 'Queenie' is such a pleasure to your father." Evidently he was not capable of making a sacrifice. Mrs. Marchant laid aside her brush and fondled the dog, lest either the animal or the master should feel hurt.

"Such an excellent wife," everyone had said. Theodora realized it now, and also realized what she had been spared in not having to wait upon him all these years. Opening and shutting the window, alone, would have tried her temper fifty times a day. After an hour and a half in the sick-room she was glad to escape, taking refuge in the library with a book and a comfortable chair for the remainder of the day.

Next morning her father said that he would like her to remain in his room, that he might watch her paint a little picture too. There was a coloured print of Christ aged twelve, which he wanted copied, and he feared it would be a long time before Mrs. Marchant would be able to begin it.

"She works rather slowly," he explained, "and I doubt if she will be ready to do this for some months yet."

"Under the circumstances," thought Theodora, "I should never be able to do it at all."

"You will hardly believe it, but I assure you she is sometimes as long as five months over one face," continued he.

Theodora refrained from remarking that he did not take into account his medicine, and the turning of his pillows, the writing of his letters, and the reading of his paper, to say nothing of the waiting on his pets. "Five months indeed! it does not seem to me that she ever gets five minutes to herself!" She was already for taking up the cudgels on the enemy's side.

"What I have been spared!" was her chief thought; "I could never have done a stroke under such auspices." Unbroken quiet had always seemed to her an absolute necessity. Even one stray knock at her studio door would put her off work for an entire afternoon. She marvelled to see how in spite of incessant interruption her step-mother worked steadily on; showing the miniature to Mr. Marchant as often as he asked to see it—which was very often.

"I take such an interest in her painting," said he, "I could not have borne to think that my ill-health was the cause of her having to give it up."

Her patience was beautiful.

At the end of a week Theodora would have given anything to possess a miniature in memory of that sweet disposition.

"She paints with all the Christian virtues—not with ordinary colours."

"This is the summit of Eternal Art."

"The *way* it is done—but unless you have seen for yourself you cannot fully understand."

"I could kiss the hands of that heroic woman."

All the expressions which had puzzled her were made quite clear now. Of only one thing was she still a little uncertain—did her step-mother *feel* it—as she would have done? Had she a soul above petty niggling and the copying of oleographs?

She put the matter to the test one day by a reference to the time of Mrs. Marchant's Paris study, asking as a favour to be allowed to look through a portfolio of her "academies."

The pain it gave to the once keen art-student recalling those studio days of ambition and success was very evident, though she readily untied the portfolio and handed up her sketches for Theodora's inspection.

There was no doubt about their being clever; Theodora had seen too much both of good and bad work not to recognize in a moment the fact that her step-mother was very talented indeed. "What feeling you have for *line*!" she exclaimed. "And I see that you could get 'quality' in charcoal! I have never been able to arrive at that."

"Her compositions were considered remarkable," put in Mr. Marchant; "and please show your quick oil sketches, love; they always spoke so highly of your brushwork in Paris."

Theodora said very little by way of showing her appreciation. Her step-mother's work both then and now, she felt, was beyond her praise.

"Don't you like them?" demanded her father. "I am sure you will see that I am right in keeping her up to her painting. She wanted to give it up entirely, but I would not hear of that after all the lessons she had had, and the money that had been spent upon her education."

"Don't you miss it all most frightfully?" asked Theodora, in an under-tone, ignoring her father's last remark. "How awfully you must have felt having to give it up!"

She liked her step-mother none the less for a tear which fell upon a charcoal study which she was putting back into the portfolio, a study insufficiently fixed, where a great blotch

spread as a witness to the ambitions of the past; but Mrs. Marchant's voice did not falter as she answered brightly, "Since our marriage painting has been a joint labour: your father chooses the subject and I work out his ideas. They used only to correct our studies twice a week at Julien's, whilst now I get a score of criticisms a day."

"I'm only too happy to think that my poor old amateur advice can be of any help to you, my love," said Mr. Marchant, gratefully.

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. And Theodora left the room with a lump in her throat, remembering what the doctors had said.

"Then you don't really *like* doing those miniatures?" she asked, returning to the charge upon the first opportunity when she and her step-mother were alone together.

Mrs. Marchant thought for a moment, to be quite truthful, and answered bravely, "Yes, really, I do. They are such an interest for your father. Since his illness he has been obliged to give up so much—my giving up a little seems to bring us nearer together."

There was a pause, and then Theodora burst out: "Haven't you thought me a perfect fiend never coming near you all those years?"

"Oh! never that. I think I understood. It has been the greatest pleasure having you now, and perhaps we have all benefited by the long delay."

"The 'tone of time,'" interpolated Theodora.

"And I always knew you *would* come—some day. I used to try to paint you here."

Theodora considered it. "I'm sure you mean something charming, but I can't guess. Please explain."

"The constant little opportunities of making acts of patience and resignation to the will of God—I offered them for you—your reconciliation with your father. I felt I owed you so much for having come between."

"So that your prayers for me have been the running accompaniment to all your work!"

"*Les valeurs!* Tony Fleury impressed me so much with that. *Les valeurs, les valeurs, et toujours les valeurs!* I find his teaching of the greatest service to me now."

"I see that you used to be splendid at values," said Theodora, not quite understanding what was meant.

"That the only real value of any work is the intention with which it is done," explained her step-mother.

After that exhibition of the Paris studios Theodora regarded "the little daubs" with very different eyes, and on more than one occasion her father noticed that directly Mrs. Marchant had left the room she sat herself down in the vacant chair at the painting-table and gazed at the miniature intently.

"I want your candid opinion," said he one day, just before the termination of her visit. "You must have seen so much good work, and even before you began to study Art you always said you had an instinct for 'the real right thing.' Personally I know very little about the technique of painting. It seems to me that your mother's miniatures are extremely pretty, and I feel sure she spares no pains, but I should like to know exactly how they strike you—just what you think."

"I think they are wonderful—beautiful!" said Theodora, and she was so far won over that she meant it honestly, unqualified even by "the way they are done." The doing of it, and the thing itself, combined now in her thoughts to make a perfect whole.

"The real right thing?" questioned her father, timorously; but the heartiness of her answer left him no longer in doubt: "*The real right thing.*"

VIOLET BULLOCK-WEBSTER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Irish University Education.

WHILE on our side of St. George's Channel certain people are in consternation at the idea of allowing those who desire for their children definite religious teaching, to enjoy educational advantages to some small extent like those of their fellow-citizens, it is neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to consider some points of the educational problem as they are exhibited in Ireland in connexion with the present University imbroglio. The matter will be found admirably set forth in a pamphlet by Father W. Delany, S.J., President of University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, in which he republishes and somewhat amplifies an open letter lately addressed to the Lord Lieutenant. Those who desire fully to benefit by this lucid and cogent presentation of the case, must of course go to the pamphlet itself, but it may be useful to sketch in outline the purport of what will doubtless be to many its startling and almost incredible revelations.

At the end of December, 1903, the authorities of Queen's College, Belfast, addressed a memorial to Government, urging that in view of the practical importance of that institution and the excellence of its work, its claim to increased aid from the public funds should be at once considered, without waiting till the large and complex question of Irish University Education could be dealt with as a whole. This application has furnished Father Delany with the occasion for writing. That the Belfast College deserves well of the country he fully admits, and that it requires further endowment to enable it to do all the good of which it has proved itself capable. But why should it claim a precedence which would seem to indicate that it supplies the need most sorely felt, and that it is the most hardly circumstanced of all institutions which serve the cause of national

education? The three Queen's Colleges, Belfast, Galway, and Cork, each receive from public money an endowment of over £10,000 a year. Amongst them that of Belfast alone can possibly be called successful or efficient in any adequate degree,—and it exists for the benefit of only a section of the population, the Presbyterians of Ulster. When, in 1845, the Queen's Colleges were established, the Government having declared that the professorships would be open to scholars of all denominations, Sir Robert Peel was speedily warned that the appointment of a single Catholic or Unitarian would be followed by the immediate withdrawal of every student whom the General Assembly could control. The warning was heeded, and from that day to this no single Catholic has ever held a professorship in the Faculty of Arts. So, at a later date, when the Presidency of the College was vacant, the same General Assembly officially applied to Government to have a Protestant minister appointed, on the ground that such a chief alone could inspire confidence in so purely Presbyterian an establishment. Mr. Balfour, then Secretary for Ireland, who related the circumstance in a speech at Partick (December 2nd, 1889), acknowledged that the request appeared to him perfectly reasonable, and that it had accordingly been acted upon. It is not surprising to find him adding that, although the College is nominally "unsectarian," of 422 students then attending it, only 11 were Catholics.

The remaining brace of Queen's Colleges do little to justify their existence and less to establish any right to the sums of public money expended upon them. They do nothing whatever even in the way of an attempt to furnish the bulk of the nation with such advantages as are available at Belfast for the Protestants of the North. *There*, as we have seen, the idea of setting Catholics over Protestant students is not for a moment tolerated. At Cork and Galway no such consideration has been exhibited for the feelings of Catholics who are there an overwhelming majority. At Cork, out of the twenty Professors originally appointed, only three were Catholics, of whom two were in the Faculty of Medicine and one in that of Law. At Galway, recently, a North of Ireland Presbyterian was made President, and a Trinity College Protestant was appointed to the chair of Mental Science and History. It is not wonderful that the Catholics of Ireland have ever looked askance at such institutions.

Meanwhile, another establishment has been struggling amidst manifold difficulties to supply the Catholic majority of the Irish people with what they lacked, namely, the University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, successor of the Catholic University originally founded under the presidency of Cardinal Newman. This College receives in the way of public aid less than half the amount granted to each of the Queen's Colleges, being indirectly endowed to the extent of £4,500 *per annum*, in the shape of Fellowships, the holders of which are bound to teach in its schools,¹ which though chiefly attended by Catholics are open to all, and have for twenty years been frequented by a much larger percentage of Protestant students than the Belfast College could ever show of Catholics.

How do the results obtained by University College compare with those of its comparatively affluent rivals, the Queen's Colleges? All alike adapt their course of study to the programme of the Royal University, its examinations thus affording an arena by their performances in which their work can be compared. The results are undoubtedly remarkable. In the last ten years (1894—1903), confining our attention to the Arts Examinations, University College has gained 704 Distinctions, as against 632 gained by Belfast, 249 by Galway, and 65 by Cork. Of *First Class* Distinctions, it has gained 374, against 242 for Belfast, 86 for Galway, and 20 for Cork, thus outstripping the three Queen's Colleges collectively. In the matter of *First Class Classical Honours* for the B.A. degree, University College has gained 15, while Belfast has gained 5, Galway and Cork one each, thus more than doubling their united score. Of the £40 B.A. Prizes in the same period, University College has carried off thirty, the three Queen's Colleges together, twenty-nine (Belfast 22, Galway 6, Cork 1). Of £300 Studentships (in various subjects) fourteen have been won by University College, thirteen by the Queen's Colleges (Belfast 10, Galway 1, Cork 2). The only two Studentships ever awarded by the Royal University in Biology,—the only two Gold Medals ever awarded for Latin Verse,—and four of the six Gold Medals awarded for English Prose Composition have gone to University College men.

¹ Father Delany informs us that the Jesuit body having in 1883 made themselves responsible for carrying on the College, they had in the first six years to meet a deficit of £6,000. He adds that his Jesuit colleagues—from two to six in number—who have at various periods held Fellowships, have devoted their stipends to the maintenance of the College.

In face of such facts as these, how can it be said that the position of the Belfast College is so singularly hard as to call for or justify the exceptional priority of treatment demanded on its behalf—or that in the interests of Irish University Education it is its wrongs which most imperatively call for redress?

Reviews.

I.—A CITY SET ON A HILL.¹

A City set on a Hill contains a statement by Mr. R. H. Benson of the reasons which moved him to submit to the Holy See. It was originally drawn up for his own personal use, that he might the better test its solidity, before he took the final step. It is now published in the feeling that it may be of use to others.

It is the common ground accepted by all who claim to be Catholics, that our Lord founded a social organization called the Church, which is His mystical Body and to which all His followers are bidden to submit. But if there is such a Church in the world, by what marks is it to be known? This is the question Mr. Benson examines, from the point of view not of the historical documents and testimonies, but of the principles which should govern the inquiry. The data of history and Scripture are not so unmistakable but that they may seem to lend support to any theory, and accordingly every person who approaches their study does so with a certain theory in his mind, and the result is that he selects those incidents and movements which support his theory, and dismisses or explains away those which are difficulties to it. The method, Mr. Benson urges, is not in itself unsound, but care is required in forming a theory which is not merely subjective but is based on the very nature of things. What then are the essential requirements in a society which is to save the world, and which is to be the Body of Christ? They are, he shows, that as it must be manifest to the world it is sent to save, (1) it must have a visible unity, which involves the subordination of the individual for the common good, that is, obedience; (2) that it must be intelligible to the simple as well as to the shrewd, which involves a unity of

¹ *A City set on a Hill.* By Robert Hugh Benson, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society.

authority ; (3) that it must develop like other organisms, and so have the power to assimilate what is true in the thoughts and movements of each successive generation, with the attendant power of discerning between the true and false, and expelling the latter from its system. These principles are examined in the first chapter, applied to "Various Theories of Catholicism" in the second, and to "the Roman Catholic Theory of Catholicism" in the third.

Mr. Benson has a firm grasp of his argument, which loses none of its intrinsic cogency in his hands. It is an argument, too, which, as it can be appreciated apart from any minute historical investigations, will appeal to a wide class of religious inquirers. Hence this booklet is likely to prove a favourite in proportion as it gets known.

2.—THE FALL AND ORIGINAL SIN.¹

In his Hulsean Lectures on *The Origin and Propagation of Sin*, Mr. Tennant presupposed the results of an historical study of the Sources of the Doctrines of the Fall and Original Sin. These results he now gives in a volume which, as he justly claims, breaks new ground, at least in the sense of collecting together and examining under one particular aspect a vast number of historical data elsewhere to be found only in many different and disconnected works. A treatise of this kind, coming from one whose scholarship and impartiality is conspicuous, has its value quite independently of the conclusion at which it arrives, and deserves to find a place in a theological library. We should add that, although he arrives at a destructive conclusion, Mr. Tennant writes—in spirit and intention at all events—from a Christian standpoint.

In the Preface he distinguishes between the sources and the development of the doctrines examined, and this distinction most be borne in mind, for we may inquire both through what stages the doctrine passed from its earliest and most rudimentary to its latest and most complete form, and also what causes determined its origin and growth. As regards development,

¹ *The Sources of the Doctrine of the Fall and Original Sin.* By F. R. Tennant, M.A., B.Sc. Cambridge : University Press.

the author's conclusions may be summarized as follows : that is, as bearing on the doctrine of Original Sin, to which we must confine ourselves. The History of the Fall, as given in the third chapter of Genesis, in no way declares or implies that the sin of Adam was to be propagated to his descendants ; at most it states or implies that this sin caused death to become the universal lot. Nor, until we come to the Book of Ecclesiasticus, is there any indication that the doctrine of inherited sin was held, or indeed any certain allusion to the story of the Fall. There are, on the contrary, previous evidences of a growing tendency to form conceptions of sin which prepared the way for an ultimate belief in inherited sin. Such is the personification of sin as a power external to man, the doctrine that sin is the cause of the sufferings of this life, that sin is not merely an act but a state, that man has a disposition to sin, a *yezer hara*, ingrained in him from birth, and that sin is universal. In Ecclesiasticus, a book which modern critics refer at earliest to the third century B.C., is found the most ancient extant reference, of a doctrinal tendency, to the first sin and its consequences to mankind, but even here, contends Mr. Tennant, the Fall is regarded as "the cause of death but only the beginning of sin." Still he takes the teaching of this writer concerning sin as forming the link between that of the Old Testament and that of Alexandrian Judaism, Rabbinical literature and the Pseudepigraphic literature. But it is not till we come to the last of these three categories of Jewish literature, and to the later works even in that, that he finds any true conception of a doctrine of inherited sin. According to this view the origin of the belief was quite recent at the time of our Lord, for it is from this source (as the Gospels contain no reference to it), that, according to Mr. Tennant, St. Paul drew the doctrine which he enunciates in his Epistles.

Moreover, he does not think it certain that St. Paul himself in Romans v. meant more than that all sinned in Adam "in the same sense that he speaks of believers as being crucified to the world, and having died to sin, when Christ died upon the Cross." We must trace the growth of the doctrine further down through Irenaeus, Tertullian, and Origen, and other Fathers, who, moreover, did not so much build on St. Paul as on independent speculations of their own, and we must come to St. Augustine, before we meet with the formulated doctrine which we now-a-days associate with the term Original Sin.

It is involved in this view of the source of St. Paul's thought that the doctrine of Original Sin had its origin in Jewish speculations, and is no part of the Christian revelation. And this brings us to the second of the two points which were distinguished at the beginning of this notice. We are not clear in what sense Mr. Tennant would allow that our Lord was the author of any revelation at all. Certainly he will not allow the possibility of a primitive revelation, and that on the psychological ground that any revelation in the sense of a communication from a wholly transcendent God, acting from without, is no longer conceivable in the light of modern knowledge—which can only allow of a self-manifestation of the Supreme Reason immanent in the reason of man, and guiding the course of its purely natural speculations.

This is the substance of Mr. Tennant's theory. We must, of course, separate ourselves from the ruling out of revelation which has just been mentioned. It may be the fashion to rule it out in this manner but, if by divine transcendence is meant a transcendence excluding the possibility of such communications from God to man as the Bible certifies us of in the case of our Lord, of Isaias, and others, modern knowledge has established no conclusion inconsistent with them, nor if it had would there be anything left in the Christian religion to render it worthy of acceptance. Yet this philosophical presupposition seems to us to bias Mr. Tennant's reasoning throughout, and force him into conclusions to which the facts do not really point. There is, for instance, a marked difference between the fluid conceptions of the Pseudepigraphic writers, and the calm, confident, categorical statements of St. Paul's which points to his having derived his doctrine from the teaching of Christ rather than from personal speculations based on the speculations of these Jewish romancers. It is more easy to agree with the author in his conclusions as to the non-existence of any doctrine of Original Sin in the Old Testament. Even here his method of research seems defective in an important respect. It would have been better had he first thought out the various aspects of a doctrine of Original Sin, able to account alike for the inheritance of the taint, the evil disposition which the Old Testament calls *yezer hara*, and that free self-determination of the human will without which sin is inconceivable—such a doctrine as Fathers like St. Augustine and theologians like St. Thomas elaborated. With this in mind he would have avoided the pitfall into which

he not infrequently steps, of inferring that the one aspect of the doctrine which a sacred writer happens to refer to as suiting his context is necessarily the only aspect of it of which he is conscious. At the same time we are inclined to agree with the author that there is no indication in the Old Testament to show that a distinct notion of transmitted sin was before the minds of any of the Old Testament writers.

3.—ROMANES' "THOUGHTS ON RELIGION."¹

This cheap re-issue of a well-known work forms part of a series of similar reprints having for their object to counteract the flood of atheistic literature with which we are now deluged. For such a purpose this little book is undoubtedly well suited. It is, to be sure, unfinished and fragmentary, and exhibits the transitional state of one groping his way back towards the truth, which clearly he had never thoroughly grasped, even before losing his hold of it altogether. But the fact that a man who stood in the front rank of science, and whose faith in her was absolute, returned to Christianity, and died in the communion of the Church of England, in which he was born, is undoubtedly full of significance, and will appeal to a great many people far more effectually than many arguments.

It is, however, in regard of argument that the real interest of the book will be recognized. Mr. Romanes was not only a man of science, but, far more than most of his fellows, he interested himself with higher questions than observation and experiment can touch, and attacked the supreme problems of human thought. The result of much earnest study he gave to the world in 1877, in form of a book published anonymously,—*A candid examination of Theism*—and the state of mind of which this was the expression, forced him against his will—as he himself pathetically declared—to adopt an attitude of absolute unbelief. But if he abandoned religion regretfully, none the less was he fully satisfied that the case he had made out against it was quite conclusive, and he did not hesitate to

¹ *Thoughts on Religion.* By the late George John Romanes. London: Longmans, Green and Co. Price sixpence net.

speak with undisguised contempt of those who championed what he considered a lost cause, pronouncing their arguments, not only invalid, but moreover "conspicuously absurd." The confidence in his conclusions thus exhibited, together with the rigidly philosophical guise and imposing dimensions of the process of reasoning by which they are reached, render it very hard for the ordinary reader to believe that there is not a great deal of cogent argument exhibited in the investigation.

But in this later work Romanes had to confess that on further consideration he found his whole logical edifice to be absolutely rotten, and the flaws which he detected were precisely those which to plainer folk had always appeared obvious and fatal. Here, for instance, is what looks very like a primary and elementary truth, which nevertheless was new to him :

It is indeed most extraordinary [he writes] . . . how it is that the ablest men of all generations have quietly assumed that when once we know the natural causation of any phenomenon, we therefore know all about it—or, as it were, have removed it from the sphere of mystery altogether; when in point of fact, we have only merged it in a much greater mystery than ever. . . . Although science is essentially engaged in explaining, her work is necessarily confined to the sphere of natural causation; beyond that sphere (*i.e.*, the sensuous) she can explain nothing. In other words, even if she were able to explain the natural causation of everything, she would be unable to assign the ultimate *raison d'être* of anything.

And again of the same law of causation, the argument drawn from which as to a First Cause he had previously dismissed with derision, he says :

My theory of causation . . . erred in not considering whether "higher causes" are not "necessary" to account for spiritual facts—*i.e.*, whether the ultimate Being must not be at least as high as the intellectual and spiritual nature of man, *i.e.*, higher than anything merely physical or mechanical.

That is to say, he had previously entirely missed the whole point of the argument which he supposed himself to have refuted. And yet, as he tells us, the treatise in which he did so made no little stir at the time of its appearance, and subsequently continued to be greatly in demand. And as the same kind of philosophizing is still very widely estimated at its own valuation, it cannot but be most useful to have so

striking an exemplification of its true character. If, in contrast to such philosophers, the plain man will always conclude that all energy is ultimately due to the Will of a Supreme Being,—in Mr. Romanes' final judgment the plain man is right, and his interpretation of causality “seems also destined to become the ultimate deliverance of human thought in the highest levels of its culture.”

4.—SIR TOBIE MATTHEW.¹

Sir Tobie Matthew was the grandson of Bishop Barlow, the founder of the present Anglican succession, step-grandson of Archbishop Parker, its first Archbishop of Canterbury, and son of Archbishop Matthew of York, one of the most virulent persecutors of the recusants under Elizabeth and James I. In his youth and early manhood he seems to have been a man of the world, but a visit to Italy brought him in contact with Catholics and their religion; and he was received into the Church at Florence in 1606, when he was twenty-nine years of age. He then returned to England, prepared to face whatever afflictions his change of faith might entail, but, although he at once announced what he had done to Secretary Cecil, Archbishop Bancroft, and others, in the most straightforward way, he received, thanks to his influential relations and friends, a treatment which, if not free from hardships, was far more lenient than might have been anticipated. Indeed, after six months of by no means harsh imprisonment, and two periods of banishment from the country, he succeeded in obtaining a recognized position, and was even employed by King James to assist in negotiating the Spanish marriage for Prince Charles—an employment which won for him the honours of knighthood. As may be seen from Mr. Seccombe's notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, there is a good deal of material for his biography, but one of the most authoritative documents of all, his own account of his conversion, has till now never been published in full. Some extracts from it were published by Alban Butler, and others, which Mr. Seccombe

¹ *The Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew.* Edited, with a Preface, by his kinsman, A. H. Matthew. London : Burns and Oates.

calls "tantalizing," by Dr. Neligan, but that is all, and the MS. itself appears to have been lost for some time. It has recently come into the possession of Professor Dowden, with whose permission and co-operation Mr. A. H. Matthew has prepared the present complete edition.

It makes interesting reading, not so much on account of the discussions, which are somewhat heavy, but for the insight it affords us into the writer's own character, and into certain aspects of the characters of several notable personages of the time. From his own self-portraiture it is clear that he was not the fussy, meddlesome gossip, and intriguer, "the zealous Catholic (but) no pietist," such as Mr. Seccombe, on the testimony of certain adverse authorities, describes him, but a thoroughly conscientious and religious-minded man, loyal alike to his Faith and his King, and of amiable and attractive social qualities. Of others concerning whom he gives us personal details in these pages the most noteworthy are Cardinal Spinelli, Father Persons, and the Archpriest Blackwell among the Catholics, and among the Protestants Sir Francis Bacon, with whom he was specially friendly, Robert Cecil, who appears to have shown him much kindness, Sir Christopher Perkins, an apostate whose conversations were far from edifying, Archbishop Bancroft, Bishop Andrewes, and his own father, Archbishop Tobie Matthew.

5.—UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS.¹

We must frankly confess our extreme regret that Father Sheehan should appear resolved more and more definitively to abandon the delectable art of telling stories as he knows how, for reflections literary and philosophical, such as those of which his newest book is composed. In *Luke Delmege* there was considerably more of this element than we altogether cared for,—but now there is nothing else;—our author conducts us into his garden, and there discourses through the four seasons upon

¹ *Under the Cedars and the Stars.* By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. xii. 379 pp. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. London: Art and Book Company.

every topic divine and human which is anyhow suggested,—decking them all lavishly with literary embellishments. Of course such a writer never is commonplace, or fails to be interesting,—but we cannot pretend to think that this kind of thing is his real *genre*; and in the pious hope of inducing him to return to the field in which he so charmed us all with *My New Curate*, we feel constrained to state without disguise the grounds of our opinion.

In the first place, musings of this nature should above all be natural, and bear a stamp of spontaneity which we do not find here. The note seems forced throughout, as if the writer were resolved to find matter for philosophy somehow in whatever he meets, and his language, in consequence, is continually quite out of proportion with his theme. A robin redbreast, for example, while he is gardening, kills and eats a juicy worm, and the sight fills him with horror. Then Robin opens his bill and sings, and evokes such a passage as this :

But hark ! that ripple, that cascade of silver sound, as if from the throat of an angel! . . . Who is it? What is it? An Oread from the mountains, who has lost her way hither; or a Hamadryad from yonder forest who is drawing out her wet tresses after her revel in the silver cascade? No, but that butcher, that cannibal—that glutton! I'll begin soon to believe that *prima-donnas* drink ; and that poets eat like mortals.

Still less to our liking are the not unfrequent passages in which well-known persons are held up as moral scarecrows to warn others from following their example. George Eliot, Balzac, Goethe, Renan, and others are thus exhibited as object-lessons for our avoidance,—not merely their doctrines or principles, but the facts of their private lives,—and, however notorious these facts may be, such a proceeding appears from every point of view gravely objectionable.

Again, from a writer who is nothing if not erudite, and whose every page bristles with quotations and references, the most faithful and minute accuracy is necessarily required, and blemishes which in others might seem trivial, become in his case serious. And it must be owned that as regards Science, or observation of Nature, Father Sheehan not unfrequently “gives us pause.” He seems, for instance, to suppose that thunderstorms and magnetic storms are identical, and that the former like the latter are connected with the appearance of sun-spots.

He speaks of a nebula "ever broadening and deepening until by perpetual accretion it grows into a sun,"—an idea which will rather astonish upholders of the nebular hypothesis, and he goes on to observe that "the moment a nebula rounds its sidereal fires into a central sun, all its sister suns will seek to drag it into the cauldrons of their own terrific fires,"—as though up to that moment it had not been subject to the laws of matter and the attraction of gravitation. As to this same force, in what intelligible sense can it be said that not it but its antagonist, "the law of expansion," obtains fully in the case of a wreath of smoke, partially in that of water thrown as spray from a fountain, and not at all in solid matter like a stone "unless, as in the case of meteors, the propulsion is so great that it overcomes the resisting and repelling force, and following its natural or rather the universal tendency, expands into flame, thence into vapor,¹ and is lost"?

It is also somewhat startling to read of "blackbirds and throstles . . . with their speckled breasts or blue-black coats and scarlet beaks." It might seem impossible that any one should commit himself to such a description who was familiar either with the birds themselves, or with Shakespeare's haunting lines, "The ouzel-cock, so black of hue, with orange-tawny bill." Orange-tawny is very different from scarlet, and the cock blackbird is the only member of the party who has any colour in his beak at all. Again,—when we are told that the song of the missel-thrush irresistibly recalls Crashaw and his *Music's Duel*, we can only wonder whether the writer really knows his bird. Certainly the last note in all the woods that could to most men's fancy suggest the gorgeous poem, professedly modelled on the strains of the nightingale, is the wild note of the "stormcock," which owes its charm not to any tuneful or melodious quality, but to the boisterous heartiness with which this first herald of the spring, seated aloft on a naked bough, pipes defiance to the winds of January.

When from Nature we pass to literature, we find in like manner less precision than a philosopher should exhibit. Here is for example rather a strange medley to cite together under the general head of "successful writers" whose views on literature as a profession are worth knowing,—Grant Allen,

¹ The papers now collected in book form originally appeared in the American *Dolphin*. We regret to find that in the British edition the American system of spelling is retained.

Gibbon, de Quincey, Scott, Southey, Lamb, Thackeray, Daudet, Mr. Zangwill, and "dear old Samuel Johnson." And when Father Sheehan states, as a matter of course, that "the Baconian philosophy is justly credited with all those mechanical and material improvements that go to make what is called progress,"—has he not the fear of Professor Huxley before his eyes, a man not likely to be prejudiced in such a case—who roundly declares: "I do protest that, of the vast number of cant in this world, there are none, to my mind, so contemptible as the pseudo-scientific cant which is talked about the 'Baconian philosophy'; to hear people talk about the great Chancellor, you would think that it was he who invented science, and that there was no such thing as sound reasoning before the time of Queen Elizabeth"?¹

An author so literary and classical should evidently be more than usually careful with his printers, so as to preclude the possibility of awkward errors. Sir John Herschel should not be called "Herschell." It should not be possible in both editions—American and British—to print δημιουργόν for δημιουργόν. And when we meet such a phrase as this—"Agnoscimus! We know no more!" though of course the meaning is, "We own our nescience," there will doubtless be suggested to some the old story of the Agnostic lecturer at Oxford, who wishing to propitiate the *genius loci*, told his audience, "When I was only twenty I began to conjugate the verb *Agnosco*."

We beg Father Sheehan to forgive us for saying exactly what we feel—in fact to conjugate the verb *Ignosco*. And in conclusion, we will only again assure him that if we confine ourselves to the ungracious work of criticism, it is because having so high a sense of his power, we are loth to see it, as seems to us, misdirected, and because we venture to think that in such a case, more even than usually, lookers-on may see most of the game.

¹ *Darwiniana*, p. 361.

6.—TWO BOOKS FOR SPIRITUAL READING.¹

The Inner Life of the Soul and *Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days* are books of spiritual reading which come from opposite sides of the Atlantic. Both are publications in book-form of papers which had previously appeared separately—the former in weekly contributions to the *Sacred Heart Review*, an American Catholic periodical, the latter in C.T.S. leaflets for distribution during the Sunday Mass. Both, too, follow the order of the Sundays and principal feasts, and expand thoughts suggested by the Gospels and Epistles. And we may also set down as a point of resemblance between the two books that they both inculcate a thoroughly healthy spirituality, and can meet the wants of those who have a regular practice of spiritual reading. At the same time they differ much in style, and will appeal to distinct classes of souls. Mrs. Dalton is more didactic and homely, Mr. Emery more tender and meditative. Mrs. Dalton deduces wholesome lessons for the more ordinary type of Christians who are striving to lead good lives. Mr. Emery suggests thoughts of a more mystic kind for souls striving to tread the higher paths of perfection. An example of what each has given for the feast of the Sacred Heart may serve to illustrate the difference.

On the lessons of this feast Mrs. Dalton writes :

Let us then praise God to-day, because He has revealed to His Church this fresh way of offering love to our Divine Lord. . . . Let us offer our poor hearts to Him ; asking Him to change and soften them, and to set them on fire with love ; that so, in lives of grateful service, He may see the fruit of His suffering and death, and may be satisfied ; that in our response to His love, His Heart may be consoled for the anguish which it endured, when it was full of misery and reproach ; when He longed in vain for one to grieve with Him and comfort Him, and there was none. For still that compassionate Heart rejoices as He lays His lost sheep upon His shoulders ; He is very good to them that hope in Him, to the soul that seeketh Him ; they who seek Him shall want for nothing ; for He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

¹ *The Inner Life of the Soul.* By S. L. Emery. London : Longmans and Co.
Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days. By M. S. Dalton. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. London : Sands and Co.

And Mr. Emery :

When we kneel then next before Him, let us for a while forget ourselves and our own special needs ; let us lose ourselves in the infinite abyss of that blessed Heart . . . Let us cease thinking what we want, and think what He wants. He wants neither wealth nor fame nor worldly success. He wants our love, our loving, faithful, holy hearts ; and He wants to have the lost and wandering sheep brought back to His blessed fold. How is it that we can set our minds on lesser things, that must pass like smoke, yet we dare to weigh them in the balance with immortal souls and the thirst of Jesus Christ. Alas ! I know not. We could help Him—we, poor abject beings, could help Almighty God to win souls to His yearning Heart. Is it possible that it shall ever be said of us that we would not ? Shall it be said that we went on choosing selfishly to please ourselves, when, of our great Exemplar and our Saviour, an Apostle, inspired by the Holy Ghost, tells us : "Christ pleased not Himself."

7.—ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY.¹

With Father Braun's object in this work all must heartily sympathize, namely, to assist those who desire to promote the adornment of all which goes to make the furniture of God's house, and very specially of the vestments employed in the Holy Sacrifice. For this purpose he has, evidently with great pains and labour, compiled a collection of designs—chiefly floral—treated as he believes mediæval artists would have treated them ; and these he now gives to the world to be copied by those who desire, instructions and suggestions being added as to colour and other such details.

But, while fully appreciating Father Braun's motive and industry, we venture to wish that he had done something else. If any headway is to be made in ecclesiastical art, it is not by imitation of mediæval or any other styles, more or less indifferent, as it is bound to be, that we shall advance. As it is, we suffer quite enough from the ill-taste and stock-design of the "Church-furnisher." Living individual art is wanted—not that of by-gone centuries. We can learn, indeed, from the old, but our practice must be intelligent development, not mere imitation.

¹ *Two Hundred Designs for Church Embroidery in Mediæval Style.* By Joseph Braun, S.J. Herder. (In sheets 16s., in portfolio 18s.)

In a word, we should greatly have preferred half a dozen genuine mediaeval examples, well reproduced. They would at least bear the stamp of the artist's soul, which most vitally necessary of all features must necessarily be absent from the work of those who condemn themselves to be mere copyists of the style of others ; nor can any multiplication of examples supply the essential element that is lacking.

8.—THE POET'S MYSTERY.

It is always profitable to look at men and things from a new point of view. Whoever reads *The Poet's Mystery*, translated from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzaro by Anita MacMahon, will reap such an advantage. The story tells how an Italian wooed, amid German surroundings, a girl of Anglo-Italian extraction, who rejoices in the name of Violet Yves. The reader at first feels on very thin ice, as the poet in his earlier pages frankly displays himself as a non-moral character of a very cold-blooded description. Even in the case of the heroine he makes his first advances under the idea that she is married. However, the supposed husband turns out to be the young lady's uncle ; and thereafter the moral atmosphere of the story is on the whole above reproach. There is a good deal of rhapsodizing throughout, and the author treats us at intervals to poetical effusions suggested by the incidents of the tale. These verses are rendered into English by Mr. Algernon Warren in diction whose smoothness and ease stand out in somewhat emphatic contrast to the prose narrative. The translator seems to have striven too much after a literal rendering, with the result that we are sometimes forced to smile. Perhaps this over-accentuation of Italian idiom is not altogether an evil ; as it keeps us continually reminded that we are looking out on life through the eyes of one who is an Italian to the inmost fibre of his being, protest as he may his love for England and for English modes of thought.

¹ *The Poet's Mystery.* A Novel. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Anita MacMahon. London : Duckworth and Co., 1903. 6s.

9.—DORRIEN OF CRANSTON.¹

Dorrien of Cranston is not a novel of a very high order. It contains no marked individualities, no choice character studies, no life-problems, no very pathetic situations. It relies purely on incident for its interest, an interest which, if never thrilling, is fairly well sustained throughout, and may suffice to satisfy a not too exacting reader. There is an old squire, of the familiar type, autocratic, self-regarding, and stubborn, who quarrels with his eldest son and drives him away from his home, because he has dared to fall in love with the wrong person. Then there is a genial rector who in church is a Ritualist of the extremest type, but in the rectory is an wholly unascetic family man, surrounded by a bevy of pleasant daughters, one of whom is the heroine. These are the chief characters, but the list includes also one or two villains; and of incidents there is a disappearance creating a suspicion of murder, for which the hero is arrested and put upon his trial. Trials by law, however, are a known pitfall to novelists, and in this case a fundamental safeguard of the British subject is violated, for the accused is put upon his defence, the judge sums up, the verdict is given, and the sentence is about to be passed, without it occurring to any one concerned that the body has not been found, or the certainty of death established. Of course the reader foresees at once what will happen. Just as the judge is putting on his black cap, a panting woman rushes into court, and announces that the supposed victim has sent her from a sick-bed to stop the miscarriage of justice.

¹ *Dorrien of Cranston.* By Bertram Mitford. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE heartily wish all prosperity to the new magazine *Guth na Bliaidhna*—“The Voice of the Year” (Edinburgh: James Thin), intended for Scottish, and especially Highland, Catholics. Of the fifteen items exhibited in the table of contents of its first number, nine are in English, the remaining six in Gaelic. On the latter we are not qualified to report. Amongst the former, besides the opening manifesto detailing the objects of the venture, will be found several of considerable interest on this side of the Grampians and the Tweed, as those on Scots Heraldry and the Highland Gipsies. From the article entitled “Russia, England, and Japan,” we find it somewhat hard to decide whether its author is to be classed as Russophil or Russophobe. One criticism we have to offer—the preponderance of Gaelic on the cover appears excessive, especially in one most important particular—namely, price. We can only gather, and that conjecturally, that this is one “Tasdan,” but to the unenlightened Sassenach the information does not amount to very much. It will be found on investigation to mean a shilling.

Educational Facts and Figures, by the Rev. Walter Strappini (C.T.S.), originally appeared in THE MONTH. Now that it is republished as a penny tract, we suggest to our readers to circulate it among their friends. At this critical time it is most important that we should convince as many as possible of the just character of our claims under the Education Act.

Only a Doll (Burns and Oates) is a collection of twelve short tales for children by Miss Geneviève Irons, who before her conversion was a popular tale-writer among the Anglicans.

From the firm of Victor Lecoffre, Paris, we have received two new volumes of the *Bibliothèque d'Économie Sociale*. One is entitled *L'Enfance Coupable*, by the President of the Society,

M. Henri Joly (12mo, 223 pp., 2 fr.). As the well-known reputation of the author would lead us to expect, it exhibits a compact mass of well-authenticated facts as to juvenile crime in France, facts which the writer has himself personally investigated in all their details. The tale, though indeed most sad, is by no means disheartening. The evil is laid bare in its living reality, but the flood of light thrown upon it is skilfully directed to the encouragement of wise and brave effort after amelioration.

The companion volume is by M. P. Hubert Valleroux, and treats of *La Co-operation* (12mo, 223 pp., 2 fr.). A brief history of co-operative societies, under various names, and for various purposes, from 1840 to 1880, occupies the first part. The main body of the work is devoted to the study of the actual state, first, of productive co-operation, and second, of distributive co-operation. Two shorter chapters deal with co-operation for buying and selling, and agricultural co-operation respectively. The whole subject is replete with interest of the most practical kind.

There are safeguards for true patriotism even in party Government. The right to stand out is always to be understood, though the exercise of the right may at times amount to heroism. Indeed, situations of extreme difficulty and complexity are easily conceivable. One such, of which the difficulties are aggravated by ties of another order, is graphically pourtrayed in *His Political Conscience*, a Drama in Three Acts, by Ha Rollo (Kegan Paul, London, 1903). The play is a political pamphlet, purely and simply; and it is brought to an abrupt and dramatically imperfect conclusion as soon as the political purpose is adequately unfolded. Those who are behind the scenes must be left to judge how far it represents or misrepresents any real situation of recent date.

Joan of Arc, by Mr. J. B. Milburn (C.T.S., 1d.), is a reprint from the *Catholic Fireside*, and should at this particular juncture be especially welcome. All may be supposed to know in outline the marvellous story of the simple peasant maiden, who set a King of France on the throne of his fathers, who freed her native land from English domination, and whose virtues have just been declared by the Church to be "heroic." Nevertheless, many will doubtless be glad to learn more in detail the history of her achievements and triumphs, and of the cruel fate the responsibility for which must be borne in great measure, though by no means solely, nor even principally, by our

countrymen. The present sketch has been carefully and clearly put together, and the sobriety of its tone at once increases its interest and inspires confidence in the reader.

In the always attractive *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* (McCaw, Stevenson and Orr, Belfast), the most generally interesting contributions are "Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, with some notes on the Plantation of Ulster," by Francis Joseph Bigger, and the continuation of Colonel Wood-Martin's curious particulars concerning "Bronze Serpentine Latchets, and other cumbrous dress fasteners." With these, though it is a reprint of a pamphlet originally published in 1860, may be classed the late Bishop Reeve's disquisition on "Crannogs, or artificial islands, in the Counties of Antrim and Derry." There are likewise some gruesome particulars as to the hardships of French prisoners of war detained at Belfast from 1759 to 1763, which are by no means pleasant reading for the descendants of those responsible for them.

It is not often that an English Idealist expresses himself so clearly and definitely to the mind of an ordinary reader as Mr. Harold B. Shephard, M.A., succeeds in doing in *The Parables of Man and of God* (London : Longmans, Green and Co. 146 pp. 3s.). The author does not pretend to speak for Idealists in general. He is content to suggest an explanation of the difficulties which beset the theory of human knowledge. According to him the results and notions of science do not correspond with reality. Still science "works," and its results are proved true in some sense, by their practical use. Thus "scientific" truth is not wholly true, nor wholly false, nor even half truth, but is a special type of truth, which is best described as *parable-truth*. Philosophic and Religious Knowledge are also necessarily expressed and conceived in parables. The explanation given is that human knowledge of whatever order, is an organic growth. Its changing theories and speculations, are the explicit representation, done with current ideas and materials to hand, of the implicit and dimly distinguished truth, which inheres in and causes the increase of knowledge. Thus put, the idealist view is full of interest for the Aristotelian philosopher, who the more deeply he studies his own system, sees ever more and more reason to think that whatever there is of truth in the modern standpoint is by no means in contradiction with the old metaphysic.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ÉTUDES. (February 5, 1904.)

Mgr. Guillaume du Prat at the Council of Trent. *Ferd. Tournier.*
Bulletin d'écriture Sainte. *J. Brucker.* The dogmatic work of St. Alphonsus. *J. Bainuel.*

(February 20.)

Mgr. Guillaume du Prat at the Council of Trent. II. *F. Tournier.*
King Dollar. *J. Bournechon.* Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism and Canada. *M. Tamisier.* The Cambridge Septuagint. *J. Calès.*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (February, 1904.)

Anglicanism on the road to Rome? *J. Bloetzer.* The Abbé Loisy's Gospel criticism. *J. Knabenbauer.* The Labour Question (conclusion). *H. Pesch.* The French Episcopate as leaders. *H. Gruber.*

CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 6, 1904.)

New Pontifical Ordinances as to Sacred Music. The Gospel of Alfred Loisy and the Foundations of Faith. Notes on a previous article upon Herbert Spencer.

(February 20.)

The Property of the Vatican and the Law of Guarantees. The Rights of Animals.

RAZÓN Y FE.

The Abbé Alfred Loisy. *L. Murillo.* Civil Marriage in Spanish Legislation. *R. M. Smith.*

